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Macaulay at thirteen years of age—"telling books."

*W. Macaulay*

# CLEVER BOYS

OF OUR TIME,

AND

*How they became Famous Men,*

DEDICATED TO

YOUTHS AND YOUNG MEN ANXIOUS TO RISE  
IN THE WORLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"FAMOUS BOYS," AND "HEROINES OF OUR TIME."

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"There is a presumption, amounting almost to certainty, that if any one will determine to be eminent, in whatever profession he may choose, and will act with unvarying steadiness in pursuance of that determination, he will, if health and strength be given, infallibly succeed."—SIR ROBERT PELL.

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“As in walking it is your great care not to run your foot upon a nail, or to tread awry, and strain your leg ; so let it be in all the affairs of human life, not to hurt your mind, or offend your judgment. And this rule, if observed carefully in all your deportment, will be a mighty security to you in your undertakings.”—EPICTETUS.

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## P R E F A C E.

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NO books are read with so much avidity or with so much profit as books of biography. The life-story of great men is a theme of wondrous power. Whence they came, their early difficulties, the barriers to their progress, their failures, their successes, and their ultimate triumphs, are severally invested with a charm of marvellous interest. The youth who has indolently foregone opportunities of improvement, in common with the young man who has been allured by the syren influences of pleasure to forget the earnestness of life, as well as the man of mature years just entering on the "sear and yellow leaf," are equally interested and profited by the recital of the incidents in the lives of the men who have "made their mark" on the times in which they lived. Precept, in such cases, can bear no comparison with example. The incredulous and desponding may doubt the realization of the precept; but point to example—to the instance where probity and industry have succeeded a life of listless idleness; to the man of broken fortunes, who has arisen from



the wrecks of a disappointed life, building up for himself a reputation, and attaining a needed provision for his declining years—surely such an instance would nerve the hopeless, filling him afresh with confidence and resolution *that he also will succeed!*

And equally profitable, if faithfully told, is the life of the man who has not succeeded. To know *why*, the pitfalls in which he fell, the rocks on which he was wrecked, the temptations which led to his ruin, this to the wise is priceless knowledge.

But leaving utility out of the question, in mere interest fiction cannot be compared with fact. The thrilling narrative of the most imaginative novelist is exceeded by the unvarnished tale “all too true.” Hair-breadth escapes, dangers by flood and field, perilous adventures, wonderful discoveries, the metamorphosis of the rough boy into the famous man—one day the associate of the stable, and then the companion of princes; one day living in the utmost obscurity, and then attaining a reputation resounding throughout Europe—these are the materials, the fascinating details of the biographer. Is it any wonder, then, that “lives of great men” are dearly treasured volumes in the home of peer or peasant?

Generally, it is considered that the age of wonders is passed, that all great things have been achieved, and that the men who were miracles of attainment lived at a period quite remote from the present. “Although the race of literary mammoths has become extinct,”

said the auditor of the Dublin College Historical Society, "literature has grown into a huge bulk." Where, then, is the proof that "mammoths" do not exist *now* as much as in the past? Are there not living men, or men who have lived in our time, whose productions will bear comparison with the literary creations of the intellectual giants of any period? This is true also in regard to spoken words as much as it is true of written thoughts. However much we may value the prelections of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, the compositions of a Burke, a Fox, a Wyndham, or a Sheridan, we cannot be insensible to the fact that there are living celebrities whose orations have equalled, if they have not exceeded, the greatest oratorical triumphs of Greece or Rome. There are men also, many of them filling important positions of national trust, who are the possessors of immense wealth and influence, who have risen from the lowest strata of society, and who occupy their proud positions in virtue not of fortunes left them, some lucky windfall, or the discovery of a golden store; but by virtue of the resolution and determination with which they have prosecuted their life-struggle, which might have ended in death, but which they had resolved should never end in defeat, their motto being, "While life lasts, fight on." Be the age, or time, or circumstances what they may, such resolution must be crowned with success. Not more surely will the harvest of golden grain reward the labours of the hus-

bandman who ploughs the ground and casts in the seed, than material rewards will follow every effort of honest, determined, pains-taking industry.

In mental labours, which are truly their own reward, securing on the instant, in the communion of the great and good of all time, the highest enjoyment of which our capacities are susceptible, are there not men who were thrown upon the world in their earliest years, without friends, education, or prospects, who now command by their mental possessions universal esteem and admiration, whose cultured talents entitle them to lead public opinion, whose names grace the title pages of learned treatises, and who are the most graceful, as they are the most useful, public speakers of the time?

When any youth, then, utters a dolorous plaint that the "good time" was "long, long ago," and who achieves *nothing*, because he does not attempt *something*, irresolution and inaction having like a blight settled upon him; let him stimulate himself to activity by the perusal of the following pages, where, in a few selected instances of living notabilities, he will find illustrations of those who have acquired fortune, fame, and mental wealth under the discouragements of singular difficulties and most adverse circumstances.

# CLEVER BOYS

Of Our Time.

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LORD MACAULAY.

A TRADER'S SON, POET, ORATOR, ESSAYIST, AND  
HISTORIAN.

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WITH the last shadows of Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, the spirit of the great historian departed; famous beyond compare in every task he undertook, marvellous in the monetary value of his writings, which will influence ages yet unborn, and be studied by the future historian for their facts, as well as the student anxious to acquaint himself with the most brilliant author of the nineteenth century.

Of such a poet, orator, historian, and essayist, it were worth while to inquire somewhat of his earlier years. His father, Mr. Zachary Macaulay, without attempting or aiming at the popularity subsequently attained by his son, was one of the foremost men in the anti-slavery agitation of 1833. He was not, like

his son, famous for his gift of public speaking; his services, therefore, were confined to the committee-room and the editorial chair. Having resided both in Africa and the West Indies, his practical acquaintance with the matters in controversy imparted rare value to his counsels, while his acute and powerful pen was in constant requisition to prepare reports, memorials to Parliament, pamphlets, and articles for the periodical press. Like his son, he was celebrated for his memory; his mind was said to be an encyclopedia of anti-slavery facts. And then, seeking no honour in his work, he was satisfied that his labours were of use in the cause he had espoused. Gladstone paid him a graceful tribute in 1841, when speaking on the subject of slavery. "There is," said he, "another name still more strongly associated with it. I can only speak from tradition of the struggle for the abolition of slavery; but if I have not been misinformed, there was engaged in it a man who was the unseen ally of Mr. Wilberforce, and the pillar of his strength—a man of profound benevolence, of acute understanding, of indefatigable industry, and of that self-denying temper which is content to work in secret, to forego the recompense of present fame, and to seek its reward beyond the grave. The name of that man was Zachary Macaulay."

Thomas Babington Macaulay, afterwards Lord Macaulay, was, as we have seen, the son of a very worthy man, engaged in trade. He did not inherit

greatness—he achieved it. He was not born a lord ; his elevation to the peerage was a recognition of his services to his country—the embellishment and improvement of its literature. He first saw the light at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, in the year 1800. His mother, Sarah Mills, had been the favourite pupil of Mrs. Hannah More. Doubtless this was the reason why the great moralist manifested unusual interest in all that concerned little Tom, who was educated, for his first thirteen years, at home ; and, judging from results, his early training was most admirable and judicious. Before his thirteenth year, the little fellow was celebrated as a very apt student. One writer says : “From his birth he exhibited signs of superiority and genius, and more especially of that power of memory which startled every one by its quickness, flexibility, and range.” While he was yet a boy he was in incessant request to “tell books” to his playmates. At that early date he would repeat and declaim the longest “Arabian Night,” as fluently as Scheherazade herself. A little later he would recite one of Scott’s novels—story, characters, scenery—almost as well as though the book were in his hand. But these pleasures were not encouraged. The household books were the Bible, the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” and a few Cameronian divines. An eager and dramatic appetite found food for fancy in the allegories of Scripture, and even in the dry sectarian literature of Scottish

controversy. He himself used to tell an amusing story of a nursery scene. For every one who came to his father's house he had a Biblical nickname, *Moses*, *Holofernes*, *Melchisedek*, and the like. One visitor he called *The Beast*. His parents frowned at their precocious child, but Tom stuck to his point. Next time *The Beast* made a morning call, the boy ran to the window, which hung over the street, to turn back laughing, crowing with excitement and delight. "Look here, mother," cried he, "you see I am right. Look, look at *the number of the Beast*." Mrs. Macaulay glanced at the hackney-coach; and, behold its number *was* 666 !

In after-days Macaulay wrote some words on the tender beaming affection of a mother's love, in which we have a delightful glimpse of the regard entertained by the young poet towards his mother, and of the richness and fulness of her love.

"Children," he wrote, "look into those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand ! Make much of it while you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after-life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you, which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in my

struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to sleep; never her kiss of peace at night! Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave; and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother."

When the young critic had attained his twelfth year, his parents held a long and earnest conference on the propriety of sending him to the Westminster School. Mrs. Hannah More, who was consulted, approved of the arrangement on one condition—that Master Tom should be a day-scholar only. She insisted upon his returning every evening, to recount at the fire-side the impressions of the day. In no advice ever given did this good and great woman manifest more wisdom, or indicate a clearer insight into the depths of human nature.

The advantage of Tom's attendance at the Westminster School would be manifested in the competitive spirit which would be engendered. At home, without the stimulus of companions, it was not likely that he would put forth very energetically his rare natural powers. And yet, advantageous as this arrangement seemed, it was not contemplated without misgivings.



His nature was pure and simple ; he had no bad propensities ; it was felt, therefore, to be a dangerous experiment to bring him into contact with the rough, and, in too many instances, uncultured boys of a great academy. It was hoped, notwithstanding, that his intense love for his mother, which amounted to a passion, would shield him from many of the petty evils incidental to a public school.

This plan, however, was not carried into effect ; for some unstated reason, the future historian was sent to the private academy conducted by the Rev. Mathew M. Preston, at Shelford, near Cambridge, prior to which he had commenced the practice of composition. One of his earliest productions, of which there is now no trace, was a poem descriptive of a sad accident which happened to the huntsman or whipper-in of Childe Hugh, who fell into the cauldron in which the meat for the hounds was boiled. A dolorous subject indeed ! At this time, according to Mrs. Hannah More, his devotion to literature was truly astonishing. He was also, at this early age, famous for his conversational powers. An earnest debate is recorded between him and a young Woolwich friend, who was qualifying for the artillery, relative to the comparative merits of Eugene and Marlborough ! Hannah More records how she endeavoured at this period to make him subscribe to Sir Harry Savile's notion, that poets are the best writers, next to those who write prose—but it was labour in vain. At one

of the breakfasts of this excellent lady he recited the whole of Bishop Heber's "Palestine," and, according to her testimony, recited it incomparably. She records the fact that thus early his ordinary conversation was characterised by great accuracy, spirit, and vivacity. He was not at the same time above or unmindful of childish things. He was as much "amused with making a pat of butter as a poem;" but very obedient withal—never persisting in doing anything of which his friends disapproved. Mrs. More says, on the occasion of one of his visits, "Sometimes we converse in ballad rhymes, sometimes in Johnsonian sesquipedalians; at ten, we condescend to riddles and charades. He rises early, and walks an hour or two before breakfast, generally composing verses. I encourage him to live much in the open air; this, with great exercise on these airy summits, I hope will invigorate his body; though this frail body is sometimes tired, the spirits are never exhausted. He is, however, not sorry to be sent to bed soon after nine, and seldom stays to our supper."

During his visit to Barley Wood, he composed a poem, a satire on radical reform, under the title of "Clodpole and the Quack Doctor"—rather early to enter on the vexed sea of politics. It shows the dawnings of an excellent perception, that these emanations were no sooner produced than thrown aside. He had a singular and natural aptitude for discriminating the true from the false in composition, which

enabled him soon to discover that his own productions were anything but perfect. Mrs. More relates that in one of her conversations with him, on the subject of the symptoms of a gentleman: "He said, with much good humour, that he had himself certain infallible marks of one, which were neatness, love of cleanliness, and delicacy in his person." The Macaulay of '59 could have given no better definition.

Mr. Preston, in 1814, changed his residence from Shelford to Aspenden, near Herts. At this place young Macaulay acquired fame as a studious and extraordinary boy. He had by this time learned to forget his early love for sports and pastimes. During the play-hours he might be seen with his large head, stooping shoulders, and pale face, reading or writing; and even during his walks his custom was to read or repeat poetry aloud. One of his early poetic compositions, in which he introduced the public men of the period, is still extant:—

"Each, says the proverb, has his taste. 'Tis true:  
Marsh loves a controversy; Coates a play;  
Bennett a felon; Lewis Way a Jew;  
The Jew the silver spoons of Lewis Way;  
The Gipsy poetry, to own the truth,  
Has been *my* love through childhood and in youth."

In 1818, the embryo historian left the academy at Shelford, and entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Here his career was distinguished. Before his twentieth year, he had gained the Chancellor's medal

for a poem on "Pompeii;" and two years subsequently he was again invested with the same badge for his poem on "Evening." These poems, which were published, were his introduction to the vestibule of literature, in which he was afterwards to carve out for himself so distinguished a place. Unlike most other University prize poems, they were received with distinguished public favour, which was deservedly extended to their young author. The next object of his ambition was the highest classical honour the University confers—the second Craven scholarship—which he obtained, and also his bachelor's degree, in 1822. Not being partial to mathematics was the reason why he did not compete for honours. Out of regard, however, to his great proficiency in other studies, he was elected a fellow of his college. This position he retained until his departure for India, in 1834.

There was another arena at college in which he made a distinguished figure—the Union Debating Society. Here he spent much of his time; here he laid the foundation of that style which was afterwards the admiration of the British senate, and which will for all time furnish a model of elegance and eloquence, valued alike by the student and matured orator.

His fame as a public speaker travelled beyond the walls of the college. He was talked about by men who had themselves achieved the highest position as orators, whose prelections will bear comparison with the most finished productions of the ancients. Lord

Brougham wrote an admirable letter to the elder Macaulay on the subject of his son's gifts. The letter is well worth transcribing; in addition to the interest attached to it in connection with Macaulay, it cannot be read and remembered by any one, in any station of life, without admiration and profit.

“ TO ZACHY. MACAULAY, ESQ.

“ Newcastle, March 10, 1823.

“ My dear Friend,—My principal object in writing to you to-day, is to offer you some suggestions, in consequence of some conversation I have just had with Lord Grey, who has spoken of your son (at Cambridge) in terms of the greatest praise. He takes his account from his son; but from all I know, and have learnt in other quarters, I doubt not that his judgment is well formed. Now, you of course destine him for the bar; and assuming that this, and the public objects incidental to it, are in his views, I would fain impress upon you (and through you upon him) a truth or two which experience has made me aware of, and which I would have given a great deal to have been acquainted with earlier in life with the experience of others.

“ First. That the foundation of all excellence is to be laid in early application to general knowledge is clear: that he is already aware of; and equally so it is (of which he may not be so well aware) that professional eminence can only be attained by entering

betimes into the lowest drudgery, the most repulsive labours of the profession ; even a year in an attorney's office, as the law is now practised, I should not hold too severe a task, or too high a price to pay, for the benefit it must surely lead to ; but at all events the life of a special pleader, I am quite convinced, is the thing before being called to the bar. A young man whose mind has once been well imbued with general learning, and has acquired classical propensities, will never sink into a mere drudge. He will always save himself harmless from the dull atmosphere he must live and work in ; and the sooner he will emerge from it, and arrive at eminence. But what I wish to inculcate especially, with a view to the great talent for public speaking which your son happily possesses, is that he should cultivate that talent in the only way in which it can reach the height of the art, and I wish to turn his attention to two points. I speak upon this subject with the authority both of experience and observation ; I have made it very much my study in theory ; have written a good deal upon it which may never see the light ; and something which has been published ; have meditated much, and conversed much, on it with famous men ; have had some little practical experience in it, but have prepared for much more than I ever tried, by a variety of laborious methods ; reading, writing, much translation, composing in foreign languages, &c. ; and I have lived in times when there were great orators

among us; therefore I reckon my opinion worth listening to, and the rather, because I have the utmost confidence in it myself, and should have saved a world of trouble, and much time, had I started with a conviction of its truth.

“1. The first point is this: the beginning of the art is to acquire a habit of easy speaking; and in whatever way this can be had (which individual inclination or accident will generally direct, and may safely be allowed to do so), it must be had. Now, I differ from all other doctors of rhetoric in this: I say, let him first of all learn to speak easily and fluently; as well and as sensibly as he can, no doubt, but at any rate let him learn to speak. This is to eloquence or good public speaking, what the being able to talk in a child is to correct grammatical speech. It is the requisite foundation, and on it you must build. Moreover, it can only be acquired young; therefore, let it by all means, at any sacrifice, be gotten hold of forthwith. But in acquiring it every sort of slovenly error will be acquired. It must be got by a habit of easy writing (which, as Wyndham said, proved hard reading); by a custom of talking much in company; by speaking in debating societies, with little attention to rule, and mere love of saying something at any rate, than of saying anything well. I can never suppose that more attention is paid to the matter in such discussions than to the manner of saying it; yet still to say easily, *ad libitum*, to be able to say what you

choose, and what you have to say—this is the first requisite, to acquire which everything else must for the present be sacrificed.

“2. The next step is the grand one: to convert this style of easy speaking into chaste eloquence. And here there is but one rule. I do earnestly entreat your son to set daily and nightly before him the Greek models. First of all, he may look to the best modern speeches (as he probably has already); Burke’s best compositions, as the ‘Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents;’ ‘Speech on the American Conciliation,’ and ‘On the Nabob of Arcot’s Debt;’ ‘Fox’s Speech on the Westminster Scrutiny,’ (the first part of which he should pore over till he has it by heart); ‘On the Russian Armament;’ and ‘On the War, 1803;’ with one or two of Wyrndham’s best, and very few, or rather none, of Sheridan’s. But he must by no means stop here; if he would be a great orator, he must go at once to the fountain-head, and be familiar with every one of the orations of Demosthenes. I take for granted that he knows those of Cicero by heart; they are very beautiful but not very useful, except perhaps the ‘Milo pro Ligario,’ and one or two more; but the Greek must positively be the model; and merely reading it, as boys do, to know the language, won’t do at all; he must enter into the spirit of each speech, thoroughly know the positions of the parties, follow each turn of the argument, and make the absolutely perfect, and most



chaste and severe composition familiar to his mind. His taste will improve every time he reads and repeats to himself (for he should have the fine passages by heart), and he will learn how much may be done by a skilful use of a few words, and a rigorous rejection of all superfluities. In this view I hold a familiar knowledge of Dante to be next to Demosthenes. It is in vain to say that imitations of these models won't do for our times. First, I do not counsel any imitation, but only an imbibing of the same spirit. Secondly, I know from experience that nothing is half so successful in these times (bad though they be) as what has been formed on the Greek models. I use a very poor instance in giving my own experience; but I do assure you that both in courts of law and parliament, and even to mobs, I have never made so much play (to use a very modern phrase) as when I was almost translating from the Greek. I composed the peroration of my speech for the Queen, in the Lords, after reading and repeating Demosthenes for three or four weeks; and I composed it twenty times over at least, and it certainly succeeded in a very extraordinary degree, and far above any merits of its own. This leads me to remark, that, though speaking and writing beforehand is very well until the habit of easy speech is acquired, yet after that he can never write too much: this is quite clear. It is laborious, no doubt, and it is more difficult beyond comparison than speaking off-hand; but it is necessary to perfect

oratory, and at any rate it is necessary to acquire the habits of correct diction. But I go further, and say, even to the end of a man's life he must prepare, word for word, most of his finer passages. Now, would he be a great orator or no? In other words, would he have almost absolute power of doing good to mankind in a free country or no? So he wills this, he must follow these rules.

“Believe me truly yours,

“H. BROUGHAM.”

Perhaps it was this letter which induced Macaulay to go to the bar. When it was known that such was his intention, it soon got noised abroad that a great orator would shortly appear. The bar has always been a favourite avenue to public life. To the literary or political aspirant it presents the best opening to either field of effort. Macaulay entered himself, therefore, as a student of Lincoln's Inn, where, after eating the prescribed number of dinners, he was duly called to the bar in 1826. We have no means of ascertaining the exact amount of attention which he devoted to his legal studies. It is more than probable, however, imbued as his mind was at this period of his life with the poetic and imaginative, that he had little relish for the legal dry-as-dust studies of his inn. Whether he ever intended to practise, after being called, is not known; it is very likely that his only object was to gain a more ready introduction to literary and public

life. He went, however, one circuit at least: we learn that fact from a conversation of Sidney Smith. Some one was speaking to the reverend critic of Macaulay's great powers when a young man, when he replied, "Yes, I take great credit to myself; I always prophesied his greatness from the first moment I saw him, then a very young and unknown man, on the northern circuit. There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great; he is like a book in breeches."

Macaulay's first-recorded public speech was delivered in 1824, on the subject of the infamous slave trade—a theme, taking into account his antecedents, his family associations, the bent and bias of his own mind, peculiarly fitted for a first effort, upon which occasion he might, if at any time, be expected to be eloquent. That speech made Macaulay famous. It was lauded by the "Edinburgh Review," and condemned by the "Quarterly;" the former the organ of the anti-slavery party, the latter the representative of the planters and slave-owners. Mr. Wilberforce said, in relation to the speech of the young lawyer, that his old friend Zachary "would, no doubt, joyfully bear all his apostleship brought upon him for the gratification of hearing one so dear to him plead such a cause in such a manner."

It was this speech which introduced him to the pages of the "Edinburgh." His first contribution being in 1826, the "Essay on Milton," which, says

friendly critic, "was full of deep, thoughtful appreciation and splendid imagery, and polished till it was, while a model of the simplicity of nature, a marvel of the world of art. Indeed, the talent displayed in this single production was sufficient, not only to stamp the author as a writer of the highest grade, but to bring him into close intimacy with Mr., afterwards Lord Jeffrey." Macaulay himself, however, criticising this first production, has referred to it as being "overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." "Written," says he, "when the author was fresh from college," it contains scarcely a paragraph such as his mature judgment approves." This essay was not his first published prose composition. He had previously contributed some papers to the "Etonian," a school publication, with which Winthrop Mackworth Praed was connected. Miss Mitford, in subsequently referring to the two contributors, said: "It is now nearly thirty years ago that two youths appeared at Cambridge, of such literary and poetical promise as the University had not known since the days of Gray. What is rarer still, the promise was kept. One of these marvellous boys turned out a man of world-wide renown, the spirited poet, the splendid orator, the brilliant historian, the delightful essayist—in a word, Thomas Babington Macaulay, now, I suppose, incontestably our greatest living writer."

After the Milton paper, its young author applied himself to literature with the utmost industry. "He

wrote poetry, he wrote essays, he wrote imaginary conversations, he wrote critiques, he wrote in every form." To Knight's "Quarterly Magazine" he became the principal contributor, under the assumed name of "Tristram Merton." His earliest contributions to that journal were "Fragments of a Roman Tale," an "Essay on West Indian Slavery," and a paper on "The Royal Society of Literature." The second volume of the journal contained from his pen "Scenes from Athenian Revels," "Songs of the Huguenots," "Criticisms on the Principal Italian Writers; No. 1. Dante;" two "Songs on the Civil War; 1. The Cavalier's March to London; 2. The Battle of Naseby;" "Criticisms on the Italian Writers; No. 2. Petrarch;" and "Some Account of the Law-suit between the Parishes of St. Denis and St. George in the Water, Part 1." In the third and last volume, as it proved, the names of contributors were not given. It is very probable that "A Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton, touching the great Civil War," "The Athenian Orators," "Milford's Greece," and a paper entitled "A Prophetic Account of a National Epic Poem—The Wellingtoniad," were by Macaulay.

The reason Mr. Knight discontinued his "Quarterly Magazine" was owing to the difficulties he experienced in connection with his young gifted contributors. "The present number," he wrote, will be the last, the real cause of its stoppage being a Chancery

injunction, which was issued to suppress the previous number, containing Byron's correspondence." To celebrate the "breaking-up" of the serial, an Eton breakfast was determined upon, to which the boys, on the outside of the old "Royal Windsor," had gone down to meet their friends. In the last paper of the Magazine an account is given of the doings of the morning. Amongst those present were "Vy-vyan Joycuse," "Edward Haselfoot," "Heaviside," "Vernon," "Sir Thomas," and "Gerard." Betwixt breakfast and dinner criticisms and papers were read on Byron and Shelley. At the dinner, writes the Magazine contributor, they mustered very strong. "I have not had, many hours of my life, more exquisite enjoyment than this meeting with so many that I love and admire. There was 'Hales' (Coleridge), whom we had not seen for a twelvemonth, with his calm look of gentlemanly self-possession; 'Merton' (Macaulay), with his quick glance of penetration and decision; 'Murray,' with his retiring politeness, which gave an additional charm to the power of his intellectual smile; 'Vyvyan,' with his cordial good-humour and his graceful badinage."

Leaving this joyous company, let us proceed with the gifted "Merton" to the House of Commons, to which he was elected by the inhabitants of Calne, a seat in the nomination of Lord Lansdowne, in the year 1831. His first speech, to which considerable public attention was attached, was on the subject of

the "Disabilities of the Jews;" this was followed by one on the "Reform Bill." The part he took in the discussion of this great measure placed him in the front rank of the foremost orators of the time. Sir James Mackintosh, of all men most capable to form an opinion, said, in reference to the fourth night of the debate: "Macaulay and Stanley made two of the finest speeches ever spoken in Parliament." Lord Jeffrey, who may be styled the father of critics, said, in reference to another occasion: "Mac is a marvellous person; he made the very best speech that has been made this session on India, a few nights ago, to a house of less than fifty. The Speaker, who is a severe judge, says he rather thinks it the best speech he ever heard."

When the Reform Bill became law—a measure to which Macaulay had so materially contributed—he was returned to the new Parliament by the newly enfranchised borough of Leeds. Soon after he had taken his seat, he received an appointment to the secretaryship of the Board of Control; and subsequently a seat at the East India Company's Supreme Council at Calcutta. His stay in India was limited to four years, returning in the year 1838. While there, the task upon which he was employed was the reconstruction of the criminal law; and, taking into account the limited time at his disposal to study the habits and peculiarities of the people for whom he was legislating, it is not wonderful that

he signally failed. But, unsuccessful as he unquestionably was in law-making, his visit to India was of essential service. While there he collected the materials for the most brilliant of his essays on Clive and Warren Hastings.

When he returned to England in 1838, he was invited to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of Edinburgh. In his letter in reply to the invitation he said, "I have already, since my return from India, declined one lucrative and honourable office, that of Judge-Advocate; and I think I may safely venture to promise that I will never hold any office, however high, except under circumstances in which it would be wrong and dishonourable to decline it. I dislike the restraints of official life. I love freedom, leisure, and letters. Salary is no object to me, for my income, though small, is sufficient for a man who has no ostentatious tastes." On the 29th of May, 1839, he addressed the electors in the Music Hall, and on the 4th of June he was duly elected the representative of the ancient city. A few months afterwards, on his becoming Secretary at War, he was re-elected without opposition. This was the case, also, at the general election of 1841.

Soon after this election, he was solicited to continue a previous custom of the members of the city, and contribute towards the race funds. To this application, which he viewed as a species of corruption, he replied in a manly letter, in which he



said, "In the first place, I am not clear that the object is a good one. In the next place, I *am* clear that by giving money for such an object, in obedience to such a summons, I should completely change the whole character of my connection with Edinburgh. It has been usual enough for rich families to keep a hold on corrupt boroughs, by defraying the expense of public amusements; sometimes it is a ball, sometimes a regatta. The Derby family used to support the Preston races. The members for Beverley, I believe, find a bull for the constituents to bait. But these were not the conditions on which I undertook to represent Edinburgh; in return for your generous confidence, I offer faithful parliamentary service, and nothing else. The call that is now made is one so objectionable, that I must plainly say I would rather take the Chiltern Hundreds than comply with it. I should feel this if I were a rich man, but I am not rich; I am on the point of laying down my carriage, leaving my house, breaking up my establishment, and settling in chambers. I have the means of living very comfortably, according to my notions, and I shall still be able to spare something for the common objects of our party, and something for the distressed. But I have nothing to waste on gaieties which can at best only be considered as harmless."

In 1846, when he resumed office as Paymaster-General of the Forces, he was opposed at the election by Sir C. E. Smith; the poll closed, however, with

1735 for Macaulay, and 832 for his opponent. In the course of his hustings speech made on that occasion, he uttered some words which were well to be remembered by the aspirants for public honours. "The contest which we are told is at hand," he said, "can have no issue for which I am not perfectly prepared. Seven years ago, at your spontaneous invitation—an invitation neither directly nor indirectly sought by me, I re-entered public life, which, till then, I thought I had left for ever. While I retained your confidence, I was determined that I would not quit my post. If you now reject my services, it is not my intention to tender them to any other body of electors. I shall consider myself as having received a legitimate and honourable dismissal, such as will authorise me to return to pursuits from which I have derived far more happiness than ever I enjoyed in the affairs of the British senate. To hold office, or to be in parliament, ought not to be necessary to any man's happiness; and I bless God that it is not necessary to mine. I do not think any man an object of pity, who can, with a character and conscience unsullied, exchange politics for the pleasures of literature and domestic life—which has a pleasure and distinction which the government can neither give nor take away."

In 1847, Macaulay, experiencing the fate of Burke at Bristol, and Bright at Manchester, was by the constituency of Edinburgh most discreditably re-

jected. His rejection was mainly owing to an unfortunate sentence in one of his parliamentary speeches, relative to the Maynooth grant. Prior to the election, he addressed the electors in the Music Hall, on which occasion he defended himself from the aspersions which had been cast upon him, in a very remarkable manner. "Exclusion from public life," he said, "may have terrors for the man who is conscious he has brought it upon himself by unworthy conduct towards his country. It may have terrors to the man who has no tastes, and no occupations to supply the place of public business; but as for me, my conscience reproaches me with no wrong. On my integrity, malice itself has never thrown a stain. I have no fears that my hours will pass heavily in retirement; and I do not altogether despair of being able to show that even in retirement, something may be done for the greatest and most lasting interests of society."

Subsequently, several constituencies endeavoured to induce him to permit them to put him in nomination; but to all such requests he returned a firm denial. Two years after his rejection, Glasgow did itself honour by electing him Lord Rector of its University; and then, in 1849, he was appointed to the professorship of Ancient History in the Royal Academy.

On the retirement of Sir William Gibson Craig, the inhabitants of Edinburgh had repented of their folly, and were desirous of rectifying the error they had committed: there was considerable difficulty

in the way of doing this. Macaulay would neither offer himself as a candidate, nor would he even say that he would accept if he was elected; so keenly did he feel the injustice of his dismissal. He was, however, returned in a manner highly flattering to himself. Without canvassing, without even coming forward as a candidate, he was triumphantly returned at the head of the poll. On his taking his seat in parliament, considerable interest was manifested in his appearance. When the word was passed in the ante-rooms of the House, that Macaulay was "up," the rush to hear him was immense; after this he seldom spoke. He had now arrived at a period of his life when he could only address a public assembly at the cost of considerable pain to himself. This induced him, in 1855, to write to his friends in Edinburgh, when he said: "I hope that you will not think me importunate, if I again and very earnestly beg you to consider the state of the representation of the city. I feel every day more and more that my public life is over. I am not, thank God, in intellect or in affections, but in physical power, an older man by some years than I was last Easter." For these reasons, in 1856, he retired from the arena in which he had so often won the plaudits of friends and the admiration of political foes.

The four years of his absence from the House of Commons—1847 to 1852—had been devoted to the composition of his "History of England;" and from

1856, to the close of his career, he was employed upon that enduring monument of his genius and industry. One of his critics, gratifying a laudable curiosity in his countrymen, withdraws the screen for an instant, giving us a peep of the famous historian at work. "One great secret," he writes, "of the vivid character of Macaulay's descriptions, was the zeal with which he visited and made inquiries in the localities where many of the events took place which he recorded in his History. At Weston Zoyland, a village in Somersetshire, about four miles from Bridgewater—celebrated as being the scene of the Duke of Monmouth's defeat at the battle of Sedgemoor—the historian is well known. He resided at a humble inn in the village for some weeks, occupying his time with minute investigations in the neighbourhood, and writing that portion of his narrative while the facts and impressions were fresh on his mind, in a little room which is still shown there to the rare visitors to the locality." The success of the History was unparalleled. The first and second volumes ran through five editions in six months, numbering in all 18,000 copies; 25,000 copies of volumes three and four were printed, and a second edition immediately commenced. For the copyright of the History, the eminent publishers, Messrs. Longman, have paid the illustrious author the revenues of a prince. The "Athenæum" says that he received from them, in one single cheque, £20,000.

In 1857, as a graceful recognition of his eminent services, Macaulay was raised to the Peerage—an honour neither solicited nor sought by him. Owing, however, to the growth of infirmities, and the advance of years, he was seldom seen, and more seldom heard, in the House of Lords; and then, before the expiration of three years from his elevation, the spirit had departed from the clay, where it had so long won the admiration of mankind. On the night of the 21st December, 1859, Thomas Babington Macaulay had ceased to exist. His remains were deposited within the sacred precincts of Westminster Abbey, surrounded by the dust of the men whose genius ennobled and whose labours enlightened their country.

The reader of the Essays, the Poems, the Speeches, and the Histories of Lord Macaulay, will be prepared to admit that he had genius, and genius of a very high order; but he should not forget also that the great author had that which every man of genius has not, immense application and persevering industry. It is true, also, that he had a memory of the most retentive kind; but then, he had to learn in order to remember. An intimate acquaintance with historical facts and incidents, a knowledge of the laws and relations of the boundless present, do not come to the most gifted by inspiration. They, in common with the sluggish and unimaginative, *must learn*; although they may have a greater aptness in learning and a greater retentiveness in retaining what they have learned.

Macaulay, with all his genius, despised no means and avoided no toil which promised to add to his stores of knowledge. During one of his college vacations, in order to familiarise himself with the ballads of the northern counties of England, he cheerfully undertook the labour of traversing Cumberland and Northumberland on foot, entering the cottages of the poor people, and sitting down in their chimney-corners to chat about the stories and legends, the anxious object of his journey, which he carefully recorded day by day. Upon another occasion, after his elevation to the peerage, desirous to acquaint himself with the ballad literature of the day, he bought a handful of songs from a street patterer in Seven Dials. It is amusingly said that, "Proceeding on his way home, he was astonished, on suddenly stopping, to find himself surrounded by half a score of urchins, their faces beaming with expectation. "Now, then," said the historian, "what is it?" "Oh! *that* is a good un," replied the boys, "after we've a-come all this way." "But what are you waiting for?" said he, astonished at the lads' familiarity. "Waiting for? *why, to hear you sing, to be sure.*"

As another means of adding to his mental acquisitions, Macaulay was fond of rummaging book-stalls and scarcely a dusty old book-shop in any bye court or out of the way corner in London escaped his attention. He might frequently have been seen mounting a ladder, and scouring the top shelves for

quarto pamphlets, or curious literary relics of a by-gone age, coming down, after an hour's examination, covered with dust and cobwebs. After he had purchased a book or volume of old pamphlets, he was impatient to have it home, and would frequently take a shabby old folio, a couple of centuries old, under his arm, and act as his own porter.

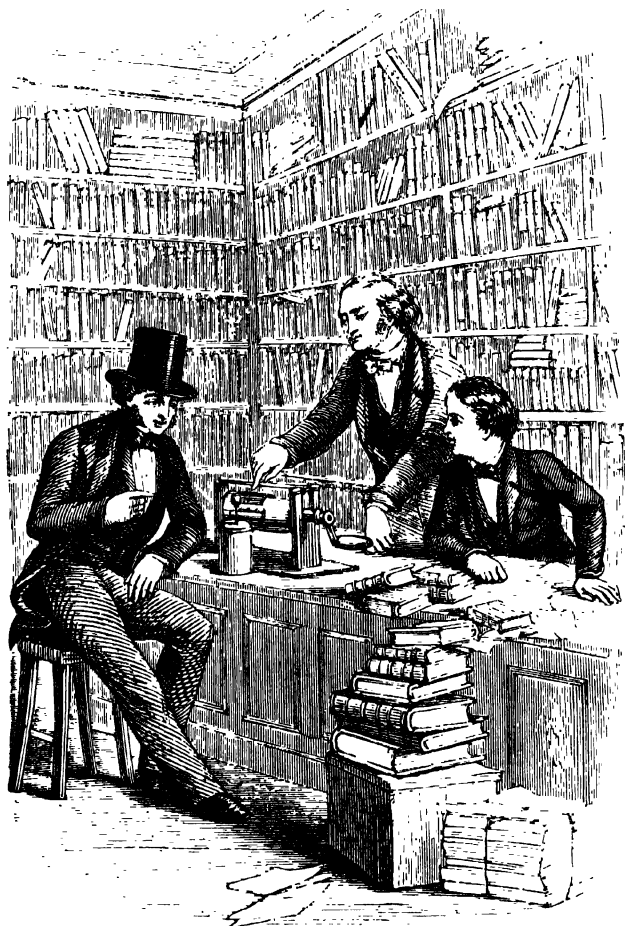
These instances, slight as they may be deemed, serve to indicate the diligence and zeal of the great historian in the pursuit of knowledge. He had early learned a motto, which may well serve to close this imperfect sketch, and which may be commended to the thoughtful youth and young man desirous to increase in mental knowledge—"Read, and you will learn."



MICHAEL FARADAY, LL.D.,  
SON OF A POOR BLACKSMITH, A BOOKBINDER'S  
APPRENTICE, AND NOW THE WORLD-FAMED  
CHEMIST.

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ENGLAND'S greatest heroes, benefactors, and discoverers, have risen from the ranks—men who had to make their own way in the world, to work that they might have daily bread, and who, in order that they might obtain knowledge, and the power which knowledge gives, have had to employ their evening hours, and hours torn from bed at early morn, in determined resolute study of some prescribed task. And, strange as it may seem, these men, by putting earnestness into their studies, have not only equalled, but passed the men who have had every assistance of a systematic education, the facilities of school and university, the advice and teaching of competent masters, and an unlimited range of books. We may therefore conclude that, in the instance of two boys who will ultimately devote themselves to any branch of the sciences, one having every aid in his studies, the other being early put to manual labour to earn



Faraday's master describing the electrical machine made by him in his leisure hours.



the means of living, the chances are that the "son of toil" will make a more creditable appearance than his more fortunate compeer. The problem is not very difficult of solution. In one case, the youth has been satisfied with the ordinary routine of his studies; the other, knowing the value of his leisure, has grasped every fact presented to him through the medium of his few books, with a tenacity that has made them all his own. His daily toil has also added to his capability of study. It has made him earnest. He has learned betimes that life is a serious thing, that time is life's most valued gift, and therefore, to waste time is to waste life. His daily labour being done, every moment is treasured and vigorously devoted to the prosecution of the task upon which he has set his heart. It is no wonder that he succeeds: it would be a wonder if he did not.

England's most eminent chemist—the great Faraday—is no exception to this rule. The son of a poor blacksmith, of whom it might be said, as the American poet wrote of another of the trade :

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees its close ;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose." •

Michael Faraday was born in London in 1791. Little did his poor father think that he would attain

to a world-wide celebrity; that Prince Albert, even, the husband of our Queen, would think himself honoured by presiding at a lecture delivered by his son. Happily, all this was concealed from the blacksmith, otherwise Michael might have been spoiled by foolish attentions; he might, in anticipation of his future greatness, have become vain and conceited, which would certainly have destroyed both him and his prospects.

When his infantile years had passed, and he had arrived at that period when he could be sent from home, he was no longer permitted to remain there. He must commence thus early the race for bread. He must assist his father, who had so far maintained him by the sweat of his brow while toiling at the forge. It was little that he could do or earn—one or two shillings at the most; but even that sum, thrown into the Saturday night's store, would be useful. It was not unreasonable, and Michael did not object. He did object, however, to the blacksmith business. It was too rough and coarse to assort acceptably with his fine and gentle spirit. In deference, therefore, to his wishes, he was apprenticed to a bookseller and bookbinder of the name of Riebau, in Blandford Street. He worked at these callings steadily and industriously until he was twenty-two years of age.

“What!” says some fine youth, home for the holidays, who, as a special treat, has been taken to hear a lecture and witness the chemical experiments

of the great Faraday, while he was surrounded by the *élite* of the aristocracy, "do you mean to tell me that he did not go to school in his youth, and finish his education in one of the universities?" Moderate your amazement, my young friend. How could he do this, and yet be apprenticed to one Riebau, the bookseller, whom he served faithfully and well until his twenty-second year? This is the moral that you had need to remember—if he, with his limited opportunities, could achieve so much, what ought you to achieve with your greater facilities?

It would be wrong, however, to say that Faraday had no education in his youth. The fact is quite the contrary. It is true he had not the opportunity of attending school, or becoming a member of any of the great seats of learning. He had an education nevertheless, but it was an education obtainable by every boy—got during the evening and morning hours; not spent laboriously decorating the outside of books, but studiously spent in poring over the information contained in their pages. That was all the education the great chemist received; and no small education either, when we look at the results. Education is not so much a question of *means* as it is of *purpose*. Resolution and determination have achieved more, with a few books purchased for so many pence, than a purposeless life, with an immense library and every educational means to boot.

Faraday, in the course of his reading, had met with

interesting descriptions of chemical and electrical experiments. He was anxious to make the experiments for himself. The costly character of the needed apparatus quite precluded his entertaining the idea of purchasing it. He could, however, endeavour to make it. And if we are to believe the evidence on the subject, he not only made the apparatus he required for his experiments, but made it in a very creditable manner. Indeed, it was his construction of an electrical machine that immediately led to his adoption of chemistry as a profession. His master, whilst he was yet an apprentice, called the attention of one of his customers—a Mr. Dance, of Manchester Street—to an electrical machine and other things which young Faraday had made. Mr. Dance was so pleased with the evidence of genius and perseverance manifested in the home-made apparatus, that he determined to give him a treat by taking him to hear the last four lectures which Sir Humphry Davy delivered in the Royal Institution. Faraday thus related the circumstance in a letter to Dr. Parris. “My dear sir, you asked me to give you an account of my first introduction to Sir H. Davy, which I am very happy to do, as I think the circumstances will bear testimony to his goodness of heart. When I was a bookseller’s apprentice I was very fond of experiment, and very averse to trade. It happened that a gentleman, a member of the Royal Institution, took me to hear some of Sir H. Davy’s

last lectures in Albemarle Street. I took notes, and afterwards wrote them out more fairly in a quarto volume. My desire to escape from trade, which I thought vicious and selfish, and to enter into the service of science, which I imagined made its pursuers amiable and liberal, induced me at last to take the bold and simple step of writing to Sir H. Davy, expressing my wishes, and a hope that, if an opportunity came in his way, he would favour my views; at the same time I sent the notes I had taken at his lectures. The answer, which makes all the point of my communication, I send you in the original, requesting you to take care of it, and to let me have it back, for you may imagine how much I value it. You will observe that this took place at the end of the year 1812, and early in 1813 he requested to see me, and told me of the situation of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, then just vacant. At the same time that he thus gratified my desires as to scientific employment, he still advised me not to give up the prospects I had before me, telling me that Science was a harsh mistress, and, in a pecuniary point of view, but poorly rewarding those who devoted themselves to her service. He smiled at my notion of the superior moral feelings of philosophic men, and said he would leave me to the experience of a few years to set me right on the matter. Finally, through his good efforts, I went to the Royal Institution, early in



March of 1813, as assistant in the laboratory ; and in October of the same year went with him abroad, as his assistant in experiments and in writing. I returned with him in April 1815, resumed my station in the Royal Institution, and have, as you know, ever since remained there.—I am, dear sir, very truly yours, M. FARADAY.”

The letter written by Sir H. Davy was as follows :—

“ December 24th, 1812.

“ Sir,—I am far from displeased with the proof you have given me of your confidence, and which displays great zeal, power of memory, and attention. I am obliged to go out of town, and shall not be settled in town till the end of January. I will then see you at any time you wish. It would gratify me to be of any service to you. I wish it may be in my power.—I am, sir, your obedient humble servant, H. DAVY.”

From this point Faraday's progress was steadily onward : he knew that his success depended upon himself ; to secure which he neither spared time nor labour. His attention, ever on the stretch, permitted no fact to pass unobserved or unrecorded. The result, so easily predicated of such a course, is the present eminent position of Faraday ; his painstaking researches have resulted in discoveries that have raised him to the highest rank among European philosophers, whilst his singular power in the lecture-

room, which enables him to demonstrate with the utmost clearness to a mixed audience his most recondite investigations, renders him the most delightful of lecturers. The subjects he has selected for study, are those usually considered the most perplexing departments of physical science—the relations of heat, light, magnetism, and electricity; which, by the clearness of his perceptions, and the continuance of his patient labour, he has materially simplified. He lives in the hope that he will yet be able to demonstrate that these agencies are only so many manifestations of the same force. His present great achievements are recorded and acknowledged by every learned society in Europe; and Oxford, in 1832, conferred on him the civil distinction of Doctor of Laws. While he is thus honoured in public life, he is esteemed in private for his charming simplicity of character, and the truthfulness and kindness of his disposition.

The editor of the “Edinburgh Philosophical Journal,” in estimating the writings of Faraday, says:—“He combines to a rare extent great boldness in speculating, with great caution in concluding. His patience and perseverance as a worker are as remarkable as his originality as a thinker, and his skill as an expositor; and, with an ingenuity in devising experiments, and a manipulative skill and dexterity in performing them—never, we believe, surpassed—he combines an accuracy and fidelity in working, such

as brilliant experimenters and dexterous manipulators often fail to exhibit. Half-truths with him are hateful things, and he grudges neither thought, nor time, nor labour—not to speak of expense—provided they will bring him certainty of knowledge, even though it be but the certainty of nescience. His aim is a decided Yes or No; or the attainment of the certainty that the problem is one that man cannot answer either way. The cheerful acknowledgment of the labours of others, the patient study of all reasonable objections to his own most cherished views, the frank confession of change of opinion, where that has occurred, the lowly estimate of himself, and the lofty, nay, solemn estimate of the dignity of his vocation as an unfolder of the works of God, make us love as much as we honour our great electrician, and should prompt our younger men to imitate his spirit, which they may all do, as well as rival him in his discoveries, in which they may be less successful.”

That is an important fact, well to be remembered. It is not given to any boy or young man, by the exercise of any amount of perseverance or industry, to achieve the fame of Faraday; to write a poem like Milton; to paint a picture or sculpture a block like Michael Angelo. Shakspeare had a genius for the composition of plays and poems—which he has composed, and therefore need not composing again; Chantry, the milk-lad of Sheffield, had marvellous aptness in

the moulding and carving of exquisite figures. Any one imitating his productions would simply reproduce what had already been done : tasks of this character, therefore, would be profitless, even if boy or man, with the needed genius, set himself to the work. The moral of the lives of great men is not the stimulus to the same course of life, with the *same* rewards in store. The true moral is, that they, with perseverance and painstaking labour, have arisen from the humblest positions to a position of the highest eminence ; and that, therefore, any boy or young man, who also wishes to stand well in the world, to fill his station, whatever that may be, with credit and honour, must, by labour and perseverance, work out his laudable intention, by the proper display of his powers.

## CHARLES DICKENS:

ATTORNEY'S CLERK AND THE WORLD-FAMED

AUTHOR.

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"He had from the first, as Sir Hugh Evans says of Ann Page, 'good gifts,' which he improved by study and attention in a most exemplary manner."

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THE magician who has summoned from the "vasty deep," "Sammy Weller," "Sarcy Gamp," "Mark Tapley," and "Tom Finch," is Charles Dickens—a name not very promising, in which there is nothing aristocratic or high-sounding; rather plebeian, if anything. And yet in all this goodly England, nay, over the surface of the entire globe, what name is better known or more loved? Blessings on him! his books have ever been the precursors of good! Time-serving, pandering to low and vicious appetites, catering for the morbid and the depraved, has never been his business. He has written to amuse, but his amusement has always tended to improvement. He has oftentimes moved us to tears; but we have felt better, stronger for them. He has ever taught us that fraud and wrong, that craft and deceit, that whining hypocrisy and servile syco-



Dickens placing his first literary contribution in the editor's box



phancy, is a false miserable policy, sure to meet with fitting punishment and its wretched reward. And then do we not owe him largess for delightful hours spent with "Little Dombey;" with confiding "David Copperfield;" for pleasant evenings in "Bleak House;" for profit and pleasure in "Hard Times?" In good sooth, it would be difficult to say what we owe him, and what we do not owe him. This is certain, that no name comes upon the ear more pleasantly, and is the augury of more good, than the name of Charles Dickens.

On the 15th of February, 1812, the future great novelist was born at Landport, Portsmouth. Mr. John Dickens, the father of our hero, was at the time employed as clerk in the Navy Pay Office. When the war was at an end he retired upon a pension. Subsequently, being a man of considerable ability, he obtained a situation on the "Morning Chronicle," being employed in the gallery of the House of Commons to report the debates for that newspaper.

Unfortunately we have no material record of the infantile years of Charles. We do not know whether it was his custom, as a child, to quit the society of other children, to wander in solitary by-paths; or whether, which is more likely, he sought the friendly laugh and joyous hilarity of his little companions. We do not know whether he was quick and apt in learning his lessons; or, in imitation of many great men who have gone before, was dull and



stupid in his youth. We do know, however, that, so soon as his preliminary education was concluded, obtaining such education as is common in an ordinary day-school, he was articled to an attorney, where he made himself acquainted with legal technicalities, of which he made such admirable use in his "Bleak House." But drawing writs and serving proccesses did not accord with the desires of young Dickens. He determined, in emulation of his sire, to be a reporter; and to this end set himself the task of learning the "art and mystery" of shorthand. He afterwards thus recorded his difficulties:—

"I did not allow my resolution with respect to the parliamentary debates to cool. It was one of the irons I began to heat immediately, and one of the irons I kept hot and hammered at with a perseverance I may honestly admire. I bought an approved scheme of the noble art and mystery of stenography (which cost me ten and sixpence), and plunged into a sea of perplexity, that brought me in a few weeks to the confines of distraction. The changes that were rung upon dots, which in one position meant such a thing, and in another position something else entirely different; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles, the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like flies' legs, the tremendous effects from a curve in the wrong place, not only troubled my waking hours, but reappeared before me in my sleep. When I had

groped my way blindly through these difficulties, and had mastered the alphabet, which was an Egyptian temple in itself, there then appeared a procession of new horrors, called 'arbitrary characters'—the most despotic characters I have ever known—who insisted, for instance, that the thing like the beginning of a cobweb meant 'expectation,' that a pen-and-ink skyrocket stood for 'disadvantageous.' When I had fixed these wretches in my mind, I found that they had driven everything else out of it; then, beginning again, I forgot them; while I was picking them up, I dropped other fragments of the system: in short, it was almost heart-breaking."

But young Dickens was not cast in the mould of despondency; he persevered, and, as a certain consequence, succeeded. He was first employed as a reporter upon a newspaper called the "True Sun;" his next engagement was upon the "Morning Chronicle," during which time he manifested the possession of his wondrous powers. He was from the first celebrated for his reports, which were marvels of "clearness, vigour, and extreme exactness." But this was not the work for which he was intended.

Successful as he was as a reporter, it was not in the reproduction of other men's thoughts that his laurels were to be won. He had, or he fancied he had, thoughts of his own, which would be welcomed by "a discerning public." Some sketches and tales he had written, he "dropped stealthily one evening,

at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street," which, in the next number of the magazine, "appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion," he afterwards wrote, "By the by, how well I recollect it! —I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there."

After this entrance upon literature, a field upon which he was afterwards to be so distinguished, he projected a series of articles, entitled "Sketches by Boz," which were originally published in the "Morning Chronicle," under the title of "Sketches of English Life and Character." Afterwards, owing to their popularity, they were reprinted, in two volumes, in 1836 and 1837, illustrated by the famous George Cruikshank.

Subsequently, one of the celebrated firm of Chapman and Hall waited upon Dickens, then a young man of some five or six and twenty, and made a publishing proposal to him. "The idea propounded to me," writes Dickens, "was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates, to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor (I forget which), that a 'Nimrod Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties

through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration that, although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard to all kinds of locomotion; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; that the idea was not novel, and had already been much used; that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people; and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself when starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of 'Mr. Pickwick,' and wrote the first number, from the proof of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club, and that happy portrait of the founder, by which he is always recognised, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected 'Mr. Pickwick' with a club, because of the original suggestion; and I put in 'Mr. Winkle,' expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's lamented death, before the second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation: the number became one of thirty-two pages, with two illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low cheap form of publication (the book would have cost, at the then established price of novels, about four guineas and a half), by which I should

ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be, everybody knows.

“ ‘Boz,’ my signature in the ‘Morning Chronicle,’ appended to the monthly cover, and retained long afterwards, was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed ‘Moses,’ in honour of the ‘Vicar of Wakefield,’ which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, becomes ‘Bozes,’ and, being shortened, became ‘Boz.’ ‘Boz’ was a very familiar word with me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it.”

The success of “Pickwick” was so great, that “Sam Weller” and his immortal master figured in various places, as well as in the pages of the magazine. Engravers, modellers, tobacconists, made ample use of these worthies. We have to this day “Pickwick Cigars,” and “Sam Weller Blacking.”

During the progress of “Pickwick,” Dickens married Miss Catherine Hogarth, daughter of Mr. Hogarth, the celebrated musical writer and critic. In about ten months after the conclusion of the successful novel, Mr. Dickens produced his “Nicholas Nickleby.” In it the school system, reported to be then practised in some parts of Yorkshire, received a well-merited exposure. Mr. Dickens, writing subsequently, says :

“ I cannot call to mind now how I came to hear about Yorkshire schools, when I was not a very robust child, sitting in by-places, near Rochester

Castle, with a head full of Partridge, Strap, Tom Pipes, and Sancho Panza; but I know that my first impressions of them were picked up at that time, and that they were somehow or other connected with a suppurated abscess that some boy came home with, in consequence of his Yorkshire 'guide, philosopher, and friend' having ripped it open with an inky pen-knife. The impression made upon me, however, never left me. I was always curious about them till long afterwards; and at sundry times I got into the way of hearing about them—at last, having an audience, resolved to write about them."

Before doing so, he visited Yorkshire, carrying with him a letter of introduction to a person who first gave Dickens the idea of his "John Brodie." The letter represented the bearer as desirous of making inquiries relative to the schools in the neighbourhood, on behalf of a widow who was anxious to send her little boy to one of them.

"I am afraid he is dead now," writes Dickens. "I recollect he was a jovial, ruddy, broad-faced man; that we got acquainted directly; and that we talked on all sorts of subjects, except the school, which he showed a great anxiety to avoid. 'Was there any large school near?' I asked, in reference to the letter. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'there was, pratty by me.' 'Was it a good one?' 'Ey,' he said, 'it was as good as another; that was a matter of opinion;' and fell to looking at the fire flaring around the room, and

whistling a little." The "John Brodie" was in fact impracticable; and when the question of the school came up, his face "fell," and he became "uncomfortable." At last, when about to go, he leant over the table, and said to Mr. Dickens, in a low voice, "Weel, Misther, we've been very pleasant togather, and I'll speak my mind tiv'ee. Dinnot let the weedur send her little boy to yun o' our school measters, while there's a harse to hould in a' Lunnun, and a gootther to lie asleep in! Ar wouldn't mak' ill words amang my neeberrs, and ar speak tiv'ee quiet loike. But I'm doim'd if ar can gang to bed and not tellee, for weedur's sak', to keep the lattle boy from a' sike scoondrels while there's a harse to hould in a' Lunnun, or a gootther to lie asleep in." Repeating these words with great heartiness, and with a solemnity on his jolly face that made it look twice as large as before, he shook hands and went away.

When "Nicholas Nickleby" was finished—a labour of love as much as a labour of profit—Dickens undertook the editorship of "Bentley's Miscellany," in which he published his story of "Oliver Twist." When the tale was concluded, the conducting of the serial fell into the hands of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth. Dickens next devoted himself to "Humphrey's Clock," in which some of the most delightful of his creations appeared.

In 1842 he determined upon a trip to America, in the company of his wife. The jottings of the tour

were afterwards published as "The American Notes," which gave immense dissatisfaction to the Americans. But in a new edition of the work, recently published, the author says:—"It is nearly eight years since this book was first published: I present it, in this edition, unaltered; and such of my opinions as it expresses are quite unaltered too. Prejudiced I have never been, otherwise than in favour with the United States. No visitor can ever set foot on those shores with a stronger faith in the republic than I did when I landed in America. I purposely abstain from extending the observations to any length. I have nothing to defend or explain away. The truth is the truth, and neither childish absurdities nor unscrupulous contradiction can make it otherwise. The earth would still move round the sun, though the whole Catholic Church said No. To represent me as viewing America with ill-nature, animosity, or partizanship, is merely to do a very foolish thing, which is always a very easy one, and which I have disregarded for eight years, and could for eighty more."

Some competent judges on this side of the Atlantic, however, viewed the "American Notes" very favourably. Lord Jeffery, amongst others, wrote: "My dear Dickens, a thousand thanks for your charming book, and for all the pleasure, profit, and *relief* it has afforded me. You have been very tender to our sensitive friends beyond sea, and really said nothing which will give any serious offence to any moderately



rational patriot amongst them. The *slavers* of course will give you no quarter, and of course you did not expect they would. Your account of the silent or solitary imprisonment system is as pathetic and as powerful a piece of writing as I have ever seen; and your sweet airy little snatch of the little woman taking the new babe home to her young husband, and your manly and feeling appeal in behalf of the poor Irish, or rather the affectionate poor of all races and tongues, who are patient, and tender to their children, under circumstances which would make half the exemplary parents among the rich monsters of selfishness and discontent, remind us that we have still among us the creator of Nelly and Smike, and the Schoolmaster and his dying pupil, and must continue to win for you still more of homage of the heart, that love and esteem of the just and the good, which, though it should never be disjoined from them, *should*, I think you must already feel, be better than fortune or fame."

In 1843, the information obtained during the American tour was turned to good account in the new story of "Martin Chuzzlewit." Some of Dickens's best and most original characters play important parts in this work. Pecksniff, the prince of humbugs; dear trusting confiding Tom Pinch; the scoundrel Jonas; the elegant Mr. Montague Tigg; the nurse of all nurses—Sarah Gamp; with the invisible Mrs. Harris; and Mark Tapley, always on

the look-out for unfavourable circumstances to come out strong—figure in “Martin Chuzzlewit.” On the same year of its publication appeared the first of the Christmas books—“The Christmas Carol,” and, without exception, the best. There are thousands of readers, when Christmas comes round, who read that book again and again. Lord Jeffery said that Dickens had “not only fostered more kindly feelings, but prompted more positive acts of benevolence, by this little publication, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals since Christmas 1842.” At the ensuing Christmas appeared “The Chimes,” another very successful and fascinating book. Next in order came “The Cricket on the Hearth,” “The Battle of Life,” and the last of these annuals—“The Haunted Man.” More healthful or delightful stories were never written.

In the year 1844 Mr. Dickens resided for about a year in Italy; and in 1845 he originated “The Daily News,” the first number of which appeared on the 21st of January, 1846. It was first published at twopence halfpenny, then raised to threepence, and subsequently to the price of “The Times.” Notwithstanding the great efforts made to establish the paper, the best friends of Mr. Dickens could not blind themselves to the fact that his contributions were not acceptable, and that therefore “The Daily News” was a failure. Doubtless acting under good advice, Dickens retired from the editorship with, it

is understood, the loss of a considerable sum of money, and certainly with no added reputation. "The Pictures from Italy" did little to win back the somewhat alienated affection of his thousands of readers. At the present time, so little impression did it make when first published, it is not generally known that he has written such a book.

But Charles Dickens has endeared himself to us by many *acts* of kindly sympathy, as well as pleasant *recitals* of generous deeds in his books. One of them, not the least graceful, was his patronage of John Overs, a working man, which resulted in the publication in July, 1844, of "The Evenings of a Working Man, being the Occupation of his Scanty Leisure ; by John Overs : with a Preface relative to the Author, by Charles Dickens." Prior to its publication, the writer of the preface endeavoured to dissuade him from entering upon the perilous path of authorship. In reply, Dickens says, "He wrote me as manly and as straightforward, but withal as modest, a letter as ever I read in my life. He explained to me how limited his ambition was, soaring no higher than the establishment of his wife in some light business, and the better education of his children. He set before me the difference of his evening and holiday studies, such as they were, and his having no better resource than an alehouse or a skittle-ground." Of course an appeal of that nature was all potent with Dickens. John Overs contributed some articles to the maga-

zines, and then fell ill. The "Evenings of a Working Man" was first published, with a preface by Dickens, in which he wrote, in reference to the author :

"He is very ill—the faintest shadow of the man who came into my little study, for the first time, half a dozen years ago, after the correspondence I have mentioned. He has been very ill for a long period ; his disease is a severe and wasting affection of the lungs, which has incapacitated him these many months for every kind of occupation. ' If I could only do a hard day's work,' he said to me the other day, ' how happy I should be.'

"Having these papers by him, amongst others, he bethought himself that, if he could get a bookseller to purchase them for publication in a volume, they would enable him to make some temporary provision for his sick wife and very young family. We talked the matter over together, and that it might be easier of accomplishment, I promised him that I would write an introduction to his book.

"I would to Heaven I could do him better service ! I would to Heaven it were an introduction to a long and vigorous and useful life ! But Hope will not trim her lamp the less brightly for him and his, because of this impulse to their struggling fortunes ; and trust me, reader, they deserve her light, and need it sorely."

John Overs has now gone to his long home. It is only a few months since we first made acquaintance

with his unpretending little volume. Seeing it by accident, we were surprised to find the name of Charles Dickens on the title page, and on perusing the preface, not more so then with the facts we have already related. But the case of John Overs is not solitary.

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

Only the other day we were introduced to one of the Manchester journeymen painters—to his credit quite at the head of his trade—who, in addition to wielding his brush with the utmost proficiency, can write, and does write, during his leisure hours, articles that might find a fitting home in the most pretentious of our serials. A family necessitates his rubbing on, rather than risk their comfort on the sea of literature. And he is right.

But we must close our sketch of Dickens. After the conclusion of “ Martin Chuzzlewit,” a book that will live as long as the name of its author, “ Dombey and Son” next appeared; and in 1850 was commenced “ Household Words,” in which its projector wrote, since published in two volumes, “ A Child’s History of England.” “ Household Words” has given way to another serial, “ All the Year Round,” in which Dickens wrote his last novel, “ A Tale of Two Cities,” full of pathos and incident.

In 1851 the Guild of Literature and Art was projected. To raise the needed funds, Sir Bulwer Lytton wrote a comedy, "Not so Bad as we Seem," which was performed before the Queen, the aristocracy, and afterwards before various audiences in the country, by celebrated literary amateurs. Dickens surprised everybody by the vivacity and truthfulness of his impersonations. Horace Greeley, the editor of "The New York Tribune," on witnessing one of these performances, said "Authorship has spoiled a good actor."

"Bleak House" and "Little Dorrit," two subsequent publications, although commercially all that could be desired, have not added much to the fame of their author.

About the commencement of 1858 Dickens entered upon a new character—the public reader of his own productions. And why should he not? In the first place, it is no new thing. Blind old Homer recited his own verses. And indeed authorship might marvelously improve, if the public were to exact public recitations from the authors of works presented for public acceptance. These "Readings" have been singularly successful in Dickens's case. In London, Dublin, Liverpool, and Manchester, everywhere where they have been delivered, thousands of delighted listeners have again and again realized the potency of the creations of our "own Charles."

He has also won laurels as a public speaker. In

fact, he has a triple character—author, actor, and orator. As the last, he is far above mediocrity. At times, when the subject is one that appeals to human sympathies, he becomes touchingly eloquent—his fervid simple strain carrying conviction to the minds and hearts of his hearers. Excellent as his addresses are, he does not speak from impulse—what is called the spur of the moment; he carefully prepares his facts, and to some extent no doubt, his language also. In this he might be imitated with advantage by those who affect to be the leading orators of our country.

On the foundation of the Guild of Literature and Art the promoters held a festival at Birmingham, on which occasion the friends of Dickens embraced the opportunity to present him with a testimonial. One of the newspapers said:—

“Very soon after the hour fixed for the minor incident of the day—the presentation of a testimonial to Mr. Dickens—the rooms of the Society of Artists were crowded by as gay and distinguished an assemblage as ever met in Birmingham or any other provincial town. As name after name more or less famous in the world of literature and art was announced, the buzz of animated conversation ceased for a few moments; and then, when such a galaxy as Dickens, Sir Charles Eastlake, David Roberts, John Forster, and Professor Cockerill, made their appearance, scrutinizing glances in the direction of the door,

and eager inquiries, showed the anxiety which was felt regarding the personal identity of each celebrity. It was not until nearly half-past five that the presentation was made. A circle being then formed at the upper end of the principal room (the Iliad salver and the diamond ring being placed on a handsome *papier maché* table in the centre), Mr. Councillor Brisband, as chairman of the testimonial committee, briefly stated the nature of the presentation about to be made, and called upon Mr. G. L. Banks to read the following address :—

“ ‘TO CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

“ ‘ Sir,—In requesting your acceptance of the accompanying ring and salver, it may be necessary for your personal gratification, as well as for the satisfaction of those whose opinions are therein embodied, to explain the reasons which have led to this open expression of a feeling as sincere and deeply seated as it is humbly and imperfectly conveyed. It has been remarked that a regard for our national writers enters into and forms part of the sacred emotions of every educated man ; and perhaps to this sentiment, no less than to the high moral purpose by which your works are distinguished, your Birmingham readers may appeal for a sanction of this grateful acknowledgment of your varied and well-applied talents. The lightest work of fiction, if written with a pure aim, tends to universal exaltation ; and this admitted, who



shall affect to speak slightly of that genial mind, and the mingled wit and wisdom exhibited in those writings, which have secured for their author a fame not confined to this kingdom, nor yet circumscribed by the language of its people? It has been your aim 'to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' Seeking this end, you have striven to instruct the social mind of the country, to establish a kindly sympathy between all classes, to reconcile men to the discipline of calamity and the harsh treatment of fortune, and to maintain in its integrity that great law of God which teaches us to feel that all mankind are brothers. Hence, while unconsciously building up for yourself a name among the world's great, and making that name "familiar in our mouths as household words," you have drawn towards you the sympathy of all loving hearts, and the esteem and admiration of the English people. With these feelings we ask you to honour us by accepting these two articles of Birmingham manufacture; adding a hope that the day is not far distant when there shall be a national value set upon such services as yours, when before even the bright chivalry of birth there shall be a public recognition of that higher order which is derived from the sovereignty of genius, and whose letters-patent are a grant from heaven.'

"Mr. Dickens then said 'Gentlemen, I feel it very

difficult, I assure you, to tender my acknowledgments to you, and through you to those many friends of mine whom you represent, for the honour and distinction you have thus conferred upon me. I can most honestly assure you that it is not in the power of one great representative of numbers of people to awaken such happiness in me as is inspired by this token of goodwill and remembrance, coming to me direct and fresh from the numbers themselves. (*Hear, hear.*) I am truly sensible, gentlemen, that my friends who have united in this address are partial in their kindness, and regard what I have done with too much favour; but I may say, with reference to one class, some members of which I presume to be included there, that I should be in my own eyes very unworthy of their generous gift and generous feeling—and this occasion, instead of pleasure, could give me nothing but pain—if I were unable to assure you and those in front of this assembly, that what the working people have found me towards them in my books, I am throughout my life. (*Hear, hear.*) Gentlemen, whenever I have tried to hold up to admiration their fortitude, patience, gentleness, the reasonableness of their nature, their accessibility to persuasion, and their extraordinary goodness one towards another, I have done so because I have first genuinely felt that admiration myself, and have been thoroughly imbued with the sentiment which I have sought to communicate to others. (*Hear,*

*hear.*) Gentlemen, I accept this salver and this ring, so far above all price to me, and so very valuable in themselves, as beautiful specimens of the workmanship of this great town, with much emotion, I assure you, and with the liveliest gratitude. You remember something, I dare say, of the old romantic stories of those charmed rings that would lose their brilliancy when their wearer was in danger, or would press his finger reproachfully when he was going to do wrong. In the very improbable event of my being in the least danger of deserting the principles which have won me these tokens, I am quite sure that diamond (pointing to the presentation ring) would assume a clouded aspect in my faithless eyes, and would squeeze a throb of pain out of my treacherous heart; but I have not the least misgiving on that point. And in this confident expectation I intend to remove my own old diamond ring to my left hand, and in future wear my Birmingham jewel on my right, where its pressure will keep me in mind of my good friends here, and preserve a very vivid remembrance of this very happy hour. (*Hear, hear.*) Gentlemen, in conclusion, allow me to thank you and the society to whom these rooms belong, that this presentation has taken place in an atmosphere so congenial, in an apartment decorated with so many beautiful works of art, amongst which I recognise the productions of professional friends of mine whose labours and triumphs will never be subjects of indifference to me.

I thank those gentlemen for the opportunity which enables me to meet so many of those friends; and though last, not least, that charming presence which is here, without which nothing beautiful can be complete, which is endearingly associated with rings of a plainer description—(*laughter*)—and which, gentlemen, I must confess, awakens in my mind at the present moment a very strong feeling of regret that I am not in a condition to offer those testimonials. (*Renewed laughter.*) I beg you, gentlemen, to commend me very earnestly and gratefully to our absent friends, and to assure them of my affectionate and heartfelt respect.'

"We may here state that the salver formed one of the specimens of Birmingham art manufacture sent to the Great Exhibition by Messrs. Elkington, Mason, and Co. It is called 'the Iliad Salver,' because the *bas-reliefs* in the several compartments are taken from the immortal work of 'the blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle.' The centre represents Thetis supplicating Jupiter to render the Greeks sensible of the wrongs done to Achilles; and the subjects of ten other compartments are the following:—Contest between Agamemnon and Achilles; the heralds conducting Briseis from the tent of Achilles; Thetis consoling Achilles; Achilles driving the Trojans from the intrenchments by showing himself on the walls; the Greeks driven beyond their fortifications; Menelaus and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bearing

off the body of Patroclus to the ships; the grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus; Thetis bringing to Achilles the armour made by Vulcan; Achilles dragging the body of Hector round the walls of Troy; and Priam begging from Achilles the body of his son Hector. It was designed by Charles Grant, and is manufactured for publication by electro-deposition. It is certainly as admirable a specimen of Birmingham art as could have been selected.

“It bore the following inscription:—

“‘This salver, together with a diamond ring, was presented to Charles Dickens, Esq., by a number of his admirers in Birmingham, on the occasion of the Literary and Artistic Banquet in that town, on the 6th of January, 1853; as a sincere testimony of their appreciation of his varied literary acquirements, and of the genial philosophy and high moral teaching which characterise his writings.’

“The ring is, in its way, a no less creditable specimen of our manufactures. It was ‘got up’ at the establishment of Mr. Thomas Ashton, jeweller, Regent Place. It is very valuable, and is a novel and appropriate design, the feather of a pen being introduced.”

That Dickens has genius, and genius of an extraordinary kind, no one who has accompanied him in his career, from dropping his first contribution to literature in the editor’s box, in the dark court in Fleet Street, to his present distinguished position,

can for a moment doubt; but without industry, without perseverance, his genius would have been undeveloped—the thoughts might have been in his brain, but we should neither have derived amusement nor instruction from them. Perhaps in all this broad land of ours, during the last twenty years, no man has worked harder than Charles Dickens. And it will be a source of unfeigned satisfaction that during all that time he has not written a line that, “dying, he would wish to blot.” Long may he be spared to delight us with the fruits of his imagination, and to instruct and bless us with his wisdom and sympathy!

## RICHARD COBDEN:

FARMER'S BOY, WAREHOUSEMAN, AUTHOR, ORATOR,  
AND STATESMAN.

ONE more instance of a man not born to greatness, but who, with the all-potent talisman of perseverance and industry, has achieved it. The small borough of Midhurst, in Sussex, has the honour of being his birthplace. His father was a small farmer, not over cumbered with riches, but honoured and respected by his neighbours. At a very early age young Cobden concluded that Midhurst was not the place in which to "push his way in the world." He was ambitious, as every boy and every man ought to be, in a right direction and with right motives; he determined, therefore, to leave the place of his birth, with all its interesting associations, and to direct his steps to the great world of London. Here he obtained admission into one of the warehouses in a subordinate capacity. But what did that matter?—*getting in* was the first consideration; to a boy of resolution and determination success was then certain. There is no more miserable fallacy than for any boy to suppose that he can be retained in a situation by favour only. Recom-



Young Cobden entering a London warehouse to push his way in the world.





mendation, the wishes of friends, and the desire of the master to serve those friends, are not things to be overlooked; but there is something beyond even that—the interest and advantage of the master, which the boy can further, and make his own. That is the principle of action to render permanent any situation—the foundation of friendships, and the source of honour and reward. It is because young Cobden possessed *this* principle of action that we are enabled to record of him that, by “steadiness and industry, he rose through successive grades, till he had gained a thorough knowledge of the business, and stood high in the esteem of his employers.” It is worth while to let those words, “steadiness and industry,” ring in the ear before we pass on. London, it is admitted, is the very vortex of dissipation; a countless number of youths, with fair promise and buoyant hopes, have been wrecked within its maelstrom; but could we record upon the tombstones of any of those boys, “he was steady and industrious,” would not the converse be more likely to be true: “he was dissolute and idle?” We may be sure, then, that the fascinating influences of London were not permitted to have any powerful hold on young Cobden. “He was steady.” His employers were under no apprehension that his evenings would be so spent that in the morning he would be totally unfit to perform his allotted duties. Could they have followed him to his lodgings when the warehouse closed,

they would doubtless have seen him for one or two hours before he retired to rest, storing his mind with the contents of some solid useful book ; or, probably, in the company of a congenial companion, giving and receiving that pleasure and improvement which is always the result of wise and earnest conversation. We learn thus much from a speech delivered by Cobden when he had become famous. Upon the occasion of one of the Manchester Athenæum Soirées, in 1847, he said : “ When I was a youth in London, starting in business, the whole metropolis did not furnish such an institution as that which the Athenæum gives to you in Manchester. We had no means of meeting young men of kindred tastes, no means of pursuing studies, or of hearing lectures ; we were confined to our own firesides ; we had no stimulus, no competition among young men of our own rank and standing, such as you have in Manchester.” At the same meeting he said : “ Oh ! if I had my time over again, and was placed in the situation in which many of the young men here present are placed, I would not arrive at the age of five-and-twenty without being a perfect master of the French, German, and Italian languages.” There is no doubt, circumstanced as he was, he succeeded in mastering the French after his daily labour, so that recently he has been enabled to translate from that language a valuable work on the influence of gold. In confirmation of the value he attached to his quiet studious evenings, at the

same meeting he said: "I have had many changes, I have seen many phases of society, probably as many as most. I do not say this egotistically, because I am merely now going to elucidate a thought. I have seen many phases of society, I have had many excited means of occupation, and of gratification; but I tell you honestly and conscientiously, that if I want to look back to that which has given me the purest satisfaction of mind, it is in those pursuits which are accessible to every member of the Athenæum. I have not found the greatest enjoyment in the exciting plaudits of a public meeting; I have not found the greatest pleasure or interest in intercourse, sometimes with men of elevated sphere abroad, where others would think probably that you were privileged to meet such men; I come back to you conscientiously to declare that the purest pleasures I have ever known are those accessible to you all; it is in the calm intercourse with intelligent minds, and in communion with the departed great, through our books, by our own firesides." Richard Cobden was not then giving a vague and ill-defined precept; he was calling upon his own experience, commenced long ago in his young warehouseman's days—not spent solitary, for had he not the thoughts of the wise and the good to amuse and instruct him?

We have thus learned how Cobden spent his days and evenings when he was acquiring a knowledge of his business. Now let us glance at the result. After

obtaining the respect and esteem of his London employers, and of all those with whom he had any trade intercourse, he removed to Manchester, and became the travelling agent of a house largely engaged in the cotton trade; here, by his intelligence, industry, and sound judgment, he soon proved himself an invaluable servant. Commercial travellers who have been on the road a few years, are delighted to recount the pleasant evenings spent in the commercial-room in the company of Richard Cobden. Somehow, apparently without design, the conversation was certain to take a practical turn, in which the future M.P. was sure to take the lead; enriching his observations with the most apt and felicitous illustrations. The remarks of Dr. Bowring, in reference to a speech of Cobden's upon another occasion, might appropriately be cited in illustration of these commercial-room discussions. "I listened," said the Doctor, to our friend, our missionary, who has lately returned from the most exalted of missions—"I listened to the voice never to me so harmonious as when again returning to us, with his calm, quiet, impressive English sense, bringing back from the whole field of observation valuable treasures, and communicating them in language intelligible to all, most interesting, and most practical." Such was Richard Cobden in the commercial-room.

But he was not satisfied with the limited opportunities presented for observation in his home journeys—he was desirous to acquaint himself with the

manners and customs of other countries. Happily, circumstances permitted his combining business with pleasure, so that he was enabled to visit America and a great part of Europe; and then, as we should expect a man of his prudence and forethought would do, soon put himself into a position to commence business on his own account. His first venture was with Messrs. Sherreff and Foster, at Sabden, near Blackburn, in Lancashire, with whom he entered into partnership; and subsequently we find him connected with his elder brother as a calico printer, at Chorley, in Lancashire. In his new position he was highly successful. The reason was mainly owing to his devotion to his business, and the attention with which he studied the public taste. One circumstance will illustrate his tact—so essential a part of a successful career. In 1837 a gentleman visited Mr. Cobden's warehouse in Manchester, where he was shown some printed muslins of a peculiarly beautiful pattern, which were just about to be introduced to the market. A few days afterwards the same gentleman was walking in the vicinity of Goodwood, when he met some ladies of the family of the Duke of Richmond wearing the identical prints; and shortly afterwards, to his unbounded astonishment, he saw the young Queen going down the slopes of Windsor Park in a dress of the same material and pattern. "Cobden's prints," as a matter of course, at once became the fashion.

But Cobden was not so sordid as to allow mere

money-making to engross all his time and attention ; it was sufficient to give his entire thoughts to his business during business hours. But there were still the evenings—turned to such excellent account long ago in London : why not now devote them to national improvement, as they were then devoted to personal improvement ? We learn his efforts in this direction from Mr. Archibald Prentice, then editor and proprietor of the “ Manchester Times.” “ In 1835,” he writes, “ there had been sent to me, for publication in my paper, some admirably written letters. They contained no internal evidence to guide me in guessing as to who might be the writer, and I concluded that there was some new man amongst us, who, if he held a station that would enable him to take a part in public affairs, would exert a widely beneficial influence amongst us. He might be some young man in a warehouse, who had thought deeply on political economy and its application to our commercial policy, who might not be soon in a position to come before the public as an influential teacher ; but we had, I had no doubt, somewhere amongst us—perhaps sitting solitary after his day’s work in some obscure apartment, like Adam Smith in his quiet closet at Kirkcaldy—one, inwardly and quietly conscious of his power, but patiently biding his time, to popularize the doctrines sent forth in the ‘ Wealth of Nations,’ and to make the multitude think, as the philosopher had thought, and to act upon their convictions. I told many that a new man

had come, and the question was often put amongst my friends, 'Who is he?' It is some satisfaction to me now, writing seventeen years after that period, that I had anticipated the deliberate verdict of the nation. In the course of that year, a pamphlet, published by Ridgway, under the title 'England, Ireland, and America,' was put into my hand by a friend, inscribed 'from the author,' and I instantly recognised the handwriting of my unknown, much by me desired to be known, correspondent; and I was greatly gratified when I learned that Mr. Cobden, the author of the pamphlet, desired to meet me at my friend's house. I went with something of the same kind of feelings which I had experienced when I first, four years before, went to visit Jeremy Bentham, the father of the practical free-traders; nor was I disappointed, except in one respect. I found a man who could enlighten by his knowledge, counsel by his prudence, and conciliate by his temper and manners, and who, if he found his way into the House of Commons, would secure its respectful attention; but I had been an actor amongst men who, from 1812 to 1832, had fought in the rough battle for parliamentary reform, and I missed, in the unassuming gentleman before me, not the energy, but the apparent hardihood and dash which I had, forgetting the change of times, believed to be requisite to the success of a popular leader. In after-years, and after having attained great platform popularity, he h



been elected a member of Parliament, and when men sneered, and said he would soon find his level there, as other mob orators had done, I ventured to say that he would be in his proper vocation there, and that his level would be amongst the first men in the House."

How completely that prophecy of the editor of the "Manchester Times" has been fulfilled, every boy who occasionally reads a newspaper already knows.

The pamphlet entitled "England, Ireland, and America" was reprinted in a cheap form, and circulated in tens of thousands. A subsequent pamphlet, "Russophobia," was also largely distributed, which contained the principles of Cobden's political life. These *brochures*, when first published, were intended merely to serve the purposes of the time; they have become, however, from their singular merit, text books frequently cited by members of Parliament, and which no doubt will be thoughtfully studied by the political economist for centuries to come. We may form some idea of the thoroughness with which these pamphlets were written, when we learn that, before writing the one on Russia, Cobden made a tour to the East expressly to gain information on that subject.

In Manchester and the surrounding districts, from this period, Cobden became an established public man. He was looked upon as an authority in all matters of trade and business. His painstaking practical sense

rendered his observations upon commerce singularly valuable, as they were proved to be reliable. Amongst other useful works in which he entered with zest, was the formation of the Manchester Athenæum, and the incorporation of the town, one of the first members of the town council being "Mr. Alderman Cobden;" at the same time he became a member of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce.

In the year 1838 was commenced that agitation on the corn-laws, which brought Cobden's name into world-wide celebrity. In the summer of that year there was a deficient harvest, which was the immediate occasion of forming in Manchester an Anti-Corn-law Association. At a public meeting subsequently held, in which Cobden took an important part, £3000 was subscribed to aid the Association. At a public meeting of deputies from all parts of the kingdom a deputation was sent to London, praying that the House of Commons would hear evidence on the injurious effects of the corn-laws. The prayer of the deputies was refused. It was then proposed, on the motion of Cobden, that the "National Anti-Corn-law League" should be formed. This Association entered so vigorously upon its work, that, before the close of the year 1839, upwards of one hundred important towns had formed kindred Associations; and then, in the next year, 1840, was commenced the first of those huge meetings which were afterwards the scene of so many of Cobden's oratorical triumphs.

At this meeting, held in a temporary pavilion on the site of the present handsome Free Trade Hall in Manchester, and at which, could accommodation have been afforded, ten thousand persons would have been present, Cobden made a ten minutes' speech! This is conclusive evidence of his extreme modesty, and that he certainly had not calculated upon being the leader of the movement, or the foremost of the foremost men by which he was then surrounded. From this time until 1841 he attended meetings in all parts of the kingdom, where he carried conviction to the minds of thousands by the simple iteration of known facts, and their consequent logical conclusions. And then, in 1847, the constituency of Stockport returned him to the Commons House of Parliament as their representative. It was said that he would there find his level; that he might successfully address a large meeting of his friends and supporters; but that it would be a different thing when the audience was mainly composed of the aristocracy of England. It was not then thought that the speeches of Cobden in Parliament, instead of being answered and silenced, would be the means of converting to his views the Premier of England—the great Sir Robert Peel.

On the 25th of August, 1841, Richard Cobden rose in his place in Parliament to make his first speech. The subject was the address to the throne. He said he intended to support the address because it expressed hostility to the taxes on food. He told the

House further, that a conference of the ministers of religion, 650 in number, of all denominations, had just been held in Manchester; that they had agreed to pray every Sunday from their pulpits that God would turn the hearts of the rulers of England to do justice. Some of the honourable members laughed at this statement; some were amused; others were offended at the unusual style of speech of the newly elected member; efforts were made to put him down, which were completely unsuccessful. From that night he obtained a position in the House, which he has since always retained. Though never a commanding parliamentary orator of the highest class, he has enjoyed from first to last the "car of the House."

From that time, in "the House" and out of "the House," Cobden's business was to obtain the total and immediate repeal of the corn-laws. For this purpose he traversed the country, delivering lectures and holding meetings wherever men could be got together to listen to his arguments; seldom, it was observed, did they depart without becoming converts to his views. On the 2nd of July, 1846, the Act repealing the corn-laws received the Royal Assent. Before that consummation of Cobden's desires, Sir Robert Peel, who lost office in consequence of relinquishing prohibitive duties on corn, made in his place in Parliament a graceful reference to the services of Cobden. He said:—

“I must say, with reference to hon. gentlemen opposite, as I say with reference to ourselves, neither of us is the party which is justly entitled to the credit of those measures. There has been a combination of parties, and that combination, and the influence of Government, have led to their ultimate success; but the name which ought to be, and will be associated with the success of those measures, is the name of the man who, acting, I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, has with untiring energy, by appeals to reason, enforced their necessity with an eloquence the more to be admired because it was unaffected and unadorned. The name which ought to be associated with the success of those measures, is the name of RICHARD COBDEN.”

The work of the Anti-Corn-Law League being done, it was dissolved. At the meeting called for its dissolution, in Manchester, Mr. Cobden was requested by the chairman, Mr. George Wilson, to address the assembly. When he rose he was received with tumultuous cheers, the assembly rising as one man. When he could obtain a hearing, he warmly eulogised his co-workers in the League, delicately alluding to his own labours, in spite of the loud cries of “No,” that far too much importance had been ascribed to the share which he had taken in the great struggle. The next day a modest letter appeared from him in the newspapers, thanking his constituents at Stockport for their confidence, and

intimating his intention of a temporary withdrawal from public life. As a recognition of his great services £70,000 was speedily collected and presented to him: a substantial, but a well-earned testimonial for the withdrawal of his time and attention from his own commercial transactions, and their unselfish devotion to the prosperity of his country.

Then it was that Cobden considered himself entitled to a holiday—taking an extensive continental tour. Numerous ovations, however, from the admirers of Free-trade abroad, accompanied his progress. Everywhere he was received with marked respect. Public entertainments were given him in Geneva, Paris, and other continental cities; while at home the greatest constituency in England, the West Riding of Yorkshire, elected him, in common with his constituents at Stockport, as their representative. When he returned from his tour, in 1847, he decided to take his farewell of his Stockport friends and sit for the West Riding.

True to his commercial tendencies, when the "Exhibition of All Nations" was opened in London, in 1851, he appeared as one of the royal commissioners; believing that a wise rivalry of productions would materially tend to the peace and solidity of the nations. And then, also, he attended the various Peace Congresses, held both abroad and at home, in which he enforced with his usual lucidity the madness of war and the benefits of peace. The platform,

however, was not the only medium by which he sought to develop his thoughts. On the conclusion of the Russian war, to which he had been strenuously opposed, he published a pamphlet entitled "What Next? and Next?" This *brochure* had been preceded by pamphlets on "How Wars are got up in India;" and "1793 and 1853."

We have now arrived at an incident in Cobden's career, sufficiently humiliating in one sense, and all-instructive in another. We have seen the honours heaped upon him at home and abroad. Without personal canvas or appeal, two constituencies, one the largest and most important in England, had in his absence returned him as their representative to the House of Commons. Now the time had come when he was to be refused a seat—to find himself in the election of 1857 amongst the unsuccessful and rejected candidates. It was in the January of 1855 that he had convened a great meeting at Leeds, to address the constituency on the subject of the war. Upon that occasion his supporters met him in the most friendly manner, expressed their confidence in his public character, but at the same time protested against his views, by passing a resolution demanding the vigorous prosecution of the war. Undaunted by this adverse motion, however, and true to the principles of his whole life, on the 3rd of March, 1857, in connection with Mr. Gibson, he brought forward a motion condemnatory of Sir John Bowring's proceedings at Canton, and therefore of

the China war. The resolution being affirmed by the House, led to the dissolution of Parliament. Previously, Cobden had determined to retire from the representation of the West Riding, as taxing too severely his time and energies; he was desirous to represent some smaller constituency, whose parliamentary wants were fewer. He first made an overture to the electors of Salford, but not meeting with that encouragement which would warrant his proceeding, he left the field to a member of the Palmerstonian Government. He next presented himself before the electors of Huddersfield, but on the polling day a local man was preferred to the great Free-trader, who had converted prime ministers, and cabinets, and Parliaments to his views. Cobden was in a decided minority.

From that time until 1858, he lived in comparative retirement at Midhurst, near the place of his birth. What sort of a place the great leaguer had selected for his retirement, and how he was estimated by the people amongst whom he lived, we are amusingly informed by the editor of the "West Sussex Gazette."

"On our visit to Midhurst two years ago," he writes, "we were surprised to find how little Mr. Cobden was thought of by his neighbours, in comparison with the world-wide fame he enjoys. We imagined that the name of Cobden at Midhurst would have been like the name of Shakspeare at Stratford. But we made no allowance for the conservative pre-



judices of the place. The brilliancy of the great man seems to be obscured in the little 'cold shades' which surround him. 'Can you tell me where Mr. Cobden lives?' we inquired of a passer-by. 'Mr. Cobden, sir? He lives at about two miles away—at Dunford.' 'Two miles away! why, I thought he lived at Midhurst. Do you know if he is at home?' was our interrogation. 'Which Mr. Cobden do you mean, sir?' Here was a pretty question to ask—'Which Mr. Cobden?'—as if Cobdens were as plentiful as blackberries. We told him which it was, and he didn't know whether he was at home or not, and he seemed very much as if he didn't care either. But it might be urged in extenuation of our informant's ignorance, that there is a 'Cobden' in West Sussex, who has gained a very considerable reputation as a cock-fighter, and who figured somewhat conspicuously before the Shrewsbury magistrates a little time ago. This man is perhaps better known to the West Sussex people generally than Richard Cobden is; and we believe that if a stranger were to incidentally ask the first person he met in West Sussex where 'Cobden' lived, the reply would be, 'He keeps Ha'naker public-house.' So much for reputation.

"Passing along the highway in the direction of Chichester, we came to a turning where there was a decayed finger-post, a few geese, and a cottage. This was the direction pointed out to us. Stumping away

along a dusty high road, with a hill on one side, and trees on the other, we made for a church, as the only piece of architecture visible. A rustic youth was coming along, with some harness thrown over his shoulder—evidently a ploughboy by calling. This was fortunate, as we could see nothing like the house which we wanted. ‘Holloa, my lad, just tell us which is Mr. Cobden’s house.’ ‘Hay?’ was the reply. ‘Mr. Cobden’s!’ we repeated. ‘Dun noa, I’s e sure, where ’tis.’ We looked scornfully at the rustic, and he passed on, peering very suspiciously over his left shoulder, as if he were afraid of being eaten up. Luckily we came to a turnpike or occupation gate, and a cottage. Our inquiries were here a little more successful. ‘Muster Cobden, he lives that way; you be come wrong. Goo back to the stile, and walk on the footpath over the hill till ye comes to the white gate; and then turn to yer left hand, and goo down over a bridge, and you’ll see a white house, and that’s it.’ The stile was come to, and we proceeded to the footpath over a hill which was covered with furze, with a thick wood on the left. We then came to the white gate leading into a field with a remarkable small crop of wheat growing, and which seemed to be eaten up by game; not a soul was visible, and except for a startled rabbit or a thrush we might have felt alone; an old lane here seemed to be overflowing with springs and grown over with trees, being altogether impassable. Following a rarely-

trodden footpath we descended a hill, and after some difficulty, mixed up with not a little alarm, fearing that we should get lost, like a 'child in the wood,' we espied chimneys peeping out amongst the trees; these we found to belong to a nicely-built white mansion in the Italian style. This was 'Muster Cobden's' residence, situated as if it were in a basin—with a hill in front, a hill behind, and a hill by its side. No human habitation, as far as we could see, was anywhere near. To find the great politician, whose fame was chorussed by millions in every quarter of the globe—whose speeches have been translated into all languages—in such an out-of-the-way spot, struck us as extremely droll. We were half disposed to believe that we had found the wrong house and the wrong 'Cobden,' and that we were altogether mistaken; but half-an-hour's political conversation with this excellent orator, during which time we were 'checkmated' in every remark that we uttered—perhaps one in every two minutes—soon convinced us into whose hands we had fallen."

In 1858, Cobden once more crossed the Atlantic. In America he received from public personages, as well as from private citizens, the most flattering courtesy. The railway officials refused the ordinary fares when tendered by "Cobden." To do him honour, fêtes, soirées, and public meetings would have been convened in every town he visited, could his consent have been obtained. He was not anxious,

however, to be lauded and fêted when there was no practical object in view. And then, on his return, when the steamer had entered the Mersey, and before his foot had touched the shore, he was met with the news that he had been elected in his absence a member of Parliament for the borough of Rochdale, and, strange as it may seem, a place reserved for him in the cabinet! This was a glorious return for his non-acceptance by Salford, and for his rejection by Huddersfield. At a large and enthusiastic meeting of his constituents, he stated his reasons why he objected to take office—he could, he thought, best serve them, and the interest of his country, by remaining an independent member of the House of Commons. How wisely he then determined, the sequel has shown. Scarcely a twelvemonth had passed since his election for Rochdale, before he had obtained from the Emperor of the French his consent to a new tariff; the importance of which, in its bearings upon the prosperity and peace of the two countries, cannot be estimated. When the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone submitted the tariff to the consideration of the House of Commons—to the fullest House that had been known for a quarter of a century—he said: “With regard to Mr. Cobden, speaking as I do, at a time when every angry passion has passed away, I cannot help expressing our obligations to him for the labour he has, at no small personal sacrifice, bestowed upon a measure which he, not the

least among the apostles of free trade, believes to be one of the greatest triumphs free-trade has ever achieved. It is a great privilege for any man who, having fifteen years ago rendered to his country one important and signal service, now enjoys the singular good fortune of having had it in his power—undecorated, bearing no rank or title from his sovereign, or from the people—to perform another signal service in the same cause for the benefit of, I hope, a not ungrateful country.”

To mark this sense of his worth, and the estimation in which they held his services, a few of his personal friends, while the treaty was under discussion, contributed £40,000 to present to him. The list was headed with £5000: the smallest sum contributed was £500. But we may well believe, necessary and valuable as money is, that Cobden’s energies have never been taxed with the hope of monetary reward. He would have obtained this by accepting office. He would, no doubt, have realized an immense fortune had he continued his devotion to trade. What, then, has been his motive—the rule of his life? Surely the reader of the preceding imperfect sketch will have no difficulty in answering that the object—the guiding star of Cobden’s public life, has ever and only been—usefulness. Singularly simple in his habits, being, as he has said himself, “the most temperate man in the world,” his wants are few. He has no vices,

no selfish personal ambitions. His end and aim is the good of his country, for which he has worked untiringly, as he has worked unceasingly. Men of the future will point to the nineteenth century as furnishing a remarkable instance of a good citizen, and a devoted patriot; that cited instance will be the life and career of RICHARD COBDEN.

## CHARLES BIANCONI:

WANDERING ITALIAN BOY, THE GREAT IRISH COACH  
PROPRIETOR, AND MAYOR OF CLONMEL.

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A FEW years ago the traveller in Ireland would be surprised to find that the only means he had of traversing the country was by the aid of the cars and coaches belonging to one Charles Bianconi. It was only a matter of surprise, not a matter of regret, as the vehicles were numerous, well appointed, and the fares low. At the time of which we write, "Bianconi's cars" consisted of one hundred two and four wheeled vehicles, drawn by two, three, and four horses, carrying from four to twenty persons each, travelling eight or nine miles an hour, at an average of one penny farthing per mile for each passenger, and performing daily 3800 miles! And pray, asks the reader, who is Charles Bianconi—owner of more than two thousand horses, one hundred vehicles, harness, stabling, coach-houses, offices, and the master of hundreds of men in every part of Ireland?

If the reader will, in imagination, visit Ireland with us in the January of 1803, he can have the pleasure of an introduction to Bianconi. After a stormy

passage, then, across the Channel, we get comfortable quarters in Dublin ; but, as we are to see the great man very early in the morning, we seek our chamber betimes. We have scarcely turned in, as we think, before a most unpleasant knock is heard at the door, and "boots" shouting, "Past four, sir—hot water, sir." No good grumbling, so turn out in the cold, damp, uncomfortable morning, well wrapped in great-coats and mufflers. The streets of Dublin are deserted, Trinity College is a mass of stone in a mist ; the Four Courts are all silent from the wranglings of angry plaintiff or defendant ; the busy bustling carman is quietly sleeping in the one, to him, sacred spot, home. We pass up Sackville Street, leave the Rotunda, and shortly find ourselves in the open country. Here we must wait. Presently there comes along a poor wandering Italian boy carrying a wooden tray, filled with little pictures in rude leaden frames. The sharp blasts seem to have no mercy upon the thinly-clad limbs of the wayfarer. Do not detain him, or his blood will congeal with the cold ; and then, he has hundreds of cabins and cottages to visit ere he returns. It will take him six days to sell his stock, valued at forty shillings. And now, reader, what do you think of Charles Bianconi ? for in that poor wandering Italian you have seen the start of the present great car and horse proprietor, the Mayor of Clonmel, and the universally respected man and citizen !



Charles Bianconi was born on the 26th of September, 1780, at Tregolo, a village in the Duchy of Milan. When very young he was put under the care of his grandmother, at Caglio, of which place his mother's brother, Dr. Mazza, was the provost. The doctor's house was the resort of all the learned and literary people of the place. The Bianconi family included persons of note as well as the provost of Caglio. Charles was sent to the school of the Abbé Raddaivoli, who had a reputation as a teacher. Young Bianconi did not, however, add to the fame of his master, as he acquired a reputation on his own account—that of being the greatest dunce and boldest boy in the school. His abilities were of the practical kind; he had not much sympathy for mere theory. When he had attained his fifteenth year, owing to the persecution that several Italian families were subject to, his father arranged with a person of the name of Andrea Faroni to take Charles with him to England. He was to be instructed in selling prints, barometers, and looking-glasses; and upon trial, if he did not like the business, he was to be handed over to Mr. Colnaghi of London. Money was given to Faroni to defray the boy's expenses for eighteen months.

Prior to his leaving his father-land Charles visited his mother. She was so much distressed with the thought of his leaving her, that when she saw him she fainted. Her last words have never been forgotten. "Whenever you think of me," she said, "and are at

a loss to know what I am doing, I shall be at that window from which I shall soon witness your departure, watching for your return."

Faroni, instead of going to England, went direct to Ireland, where he arrived in the year 1802. Here he commenced his trade of picture-selling. His plan was to send his boys with a stock of pictures to the country every Monday morning, which they were expected to sell before they returned on the Saturday night. We have seen Charles starting on one of these expeditions. As he became familiar with the country his journeys were extended to Wexford and Waterford. During these early rambles he met with many strange adventures, and made many friends, who have remained much attached to him to the present time. On one occasion a very ignorant magistrate had him arrested because he was selling portraits of Napoleon. He was confined in a cold guard-room all night; in the morning he was found not to harbour any treasonable designs, and was therefore allowed to depart.

At the end of the stipulated period, Faroni was ready to take Bianconi back to Italy, in accordance with the agreement made by his father. Charles thought it better to decline the offer. He thought Ireland presented facilities for pushing his fortunes, and determined to stay. With a small sum unexpended by Faroni he was left to make the best of his new independent position. His first venture was as a print-seller at Carrick-on-Suir, in 1806, and

then in 1808 he removed to Waterford; but this town not answering his expectations, he removed to Clonmel, where he opened as a carver and gilder.

And now he made use of the experience gathered during his many journeys. He had reflected on the great inconvenience experienced by the country people, owing to the want of facilities for passing from one town to another. He saw that not only would a conveyance speculation pay, but would at the same time be of the utmost use to the public. In 1815 he started a car, drawn by one horse, between Clonmel and Cahir. This experiment being eminently successful, before the end of the year he had cars running to Clonmel, Cashel, Thurles, Carrick, and Waterford. Fortunately for him, the peace enabled him to purchase horses at a low price, which had been intended for the army. So industrious and persevering was he in prosecuting his designs, that in the year 1843 the whole of the south and west, and a great portion of the north of Ireland, were traversed by "Bianconi's cars." But no car was permitted to run on the Sunday, except to carry the mail-bags; and this, it is pleasant to know, even in an economical point of view, was beneficial. "I can work a horse," said Bianconi, "eight miles per day, six days in the week, much better than I can six miles for seven days."

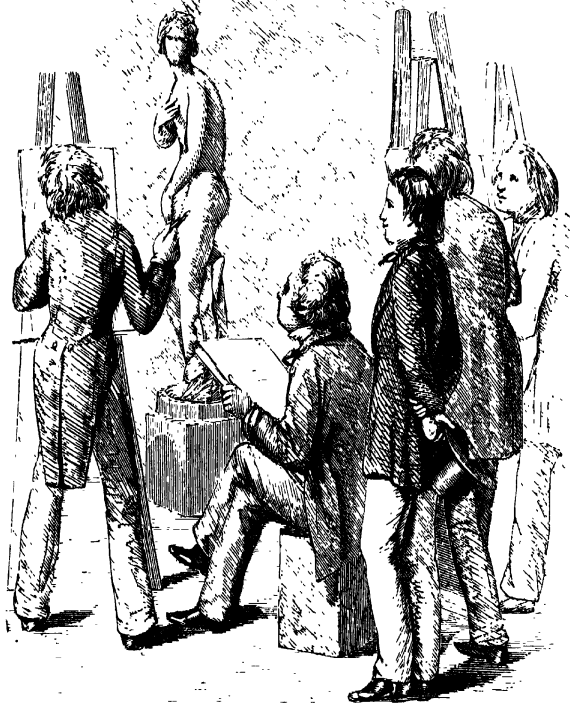
When the railways were introduced into Ireland, Mr. Bianconi was less affected than was expected. All that the steam-engine did for him was to drive

him to new districts and fresh fields, where there were no railroads. The advantages of these conveyances to the small farmers and trading classes can scarcely be computed. And, indeed, all classes of the inhabitants—the wildest, during the most disturbed times—have always respected the property of Mr. Bianconi. “My conveyances,” said he, “many of them carrying very important mails, have been travelling during all hours of the day and night, often in lonely and unfrequented places; and during the long period of forty-two years that my establishment has been in existence, the slightest injury has never been done by the people to my property, or that intrusted to my care.” He has not only thus been enabled to serve the people amongst whom he has elected to live, but by his laudable and useful labours has amassed a large fortune. His success has not spoiled his natural good disposition; he made friends in his early days, and makes and keeps them in his old age. It is not too much to say, that there is not in Ireland a man more universally respected than Charles Bianconi. In 1831 he obtained letters of naturalization, when he was subsequently elected the Mayor of Clonmel.

There is no nonsense or upstartism about him. He remembers the position he first occupied when he originally landed in Ireland. He preserves the wooden tray upon which he vended his little pictures so many years ago, and is in the habit of showing it

to any youths who may visit him. He has been most useful in his day and generation to the people among whom he lives, and has grown rich. Would this have been the case unless he had been singularly industrious and persevering? Without these qualities, Bianconi might have gone back to Italy, or sold his little pictures—the world would never have heard of him.





George Cruikshank in the Royal Academy, studying.

## GEORGE CRUIKSHANK:

### THE FAMOUS CARICATURIST.

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To talk of the time when George Cruikshank was not, seems talking of another age. Who can remember the time when that strange spider-fashioned name did not appear at the foot of plates to illustrate comic annuals, or on caricatures in the print-sellers' windows? George was born in the year 1794, and is therefore, at the time we write, sixty-six years of age. And during those sixty-six years, no man has been more respected, has worked harder, or has, in his way, rendered his country better service. Singular to say, George inherited from his father the peculiar vein for which he has become so celebrated. His father was himself a painter, and an etcher of caricatures—a faculty of which the son has made abundant use. This design was frustrated by the death of his father—he could not then leave his mother and sister in their sorrow, and yet it was needful that he should do something to find them and himself with the necessaries of life. Ruminating upon the chances of various employments, his thoughts turned to the stage, owing, probably, to his tolerably successful



appearance at the Haymarket Theatre, upon the occasion of a benefit taken by his friend. Fortunately, at this period, some of his sketches which had served to amuse his leisure, coming by accident under the notice of one of the London publishers, he engaged George to illustrate some infant Primers, song books, and cheap drolleries; which not only obtained for him the immediate means of living, but led to the production of widely appreciated and more durable works. From the success which met his first efforts, he determined to make the pencil his profession. To this end he obtained admission to the Royal Academy as a student, in order that he might have the benefit of the lectures and the opportunity for study, which that institution presented. Fuseli, who was then lecturing, told him, owing to the crowded state of the rooms, that he must "fight for a place." The figures provided for illustration being ill-placed, for his short sight, prevented his making any drawings, and induced him to withdraw from the Academy at the end of the course. He did not, however, give up sketching, as he contributed at this time a number of caricatures for "The Scourge." This was before he was twenty; at which time he projected, in conjunction with a friend of the name of Earle, a periodical called "The Metcor," published at half-a-crown. This was a failure, owing it is said, to the negligence of Earle. From this time George devoted himself to the almost exclusive production

of caricatures. All the popular print-publishers were employed at different times in bringing out his humorous subjects. At a later period he formed a connection with the celebrated Mr. Hone, whose political squibs he illustrated so forcibly, as to draw crowds round the print-sellers' windows. In 1820, the trial of Queen Caroline furnished both Mr. Hone and George with a subject peculiarly adapted to their powers. “The House that Jack built,” “The Man in the Moon,” “The Political Showman at Home,” “The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder,” “Non mi Ricordo,” “A Slap at Slop,” are still remembered as amongst the most amusing and attractive.

Cruikshank had long before this period contemplated a series of pictures to illustrate the evils of what is called “Seeing life.” The designs he made were accompanied by descriptive matter, written by Pierce Egan, and published with the title of “Life in London.” The book became at once very popular; but his idea of rendering the book instructive as well as amusing being lost sight of, he left the speculation in disgust, before the work was finished. Probably thinking that he could correct the mistakes in the “Life in London,” he brought out “Life in Paris,” where he had sufficient opportunity to “shoot folly as it flies.” His next work was the illustration of a series of popular German stories: these were very successful, adding materially to the popularity of the artist. These sketches, and others called the “Points

of Humour," drew forth a favourable notice in the pages of "Blackwood's Magazine." This at once gave him the highest position as a comic illustrator; so that no work, having any pretensions to humour, was deemed complete without the aid of his pencil. The books that were indebted to him at this period for their illustrations were Grimm's "German Popular Stories," "Mornings at Bow Street," "Peter Schlemihl," "Italian Tales," "Hans of Iceland," "Tales of Irish Life," "Punch and Judy," "Tom Thumb," "John Gilpin," "The Epping Hunt." At a later period he produced the plates for the "Illustrations of Phrenology," "Illustrations of Time," "Scraps and Sketches," "My Sketch-Book," "Sketches by Boz," "Oliver Twist," "The Tower of London," and the "Comic Almanack." The latter serial was an ever-delightful mine of pleasure during the festive season at which it was published. A few years before the lamented death of Laman Blanchard, Cruikshank published, in connection with him, a periodical called "The Omnibus," in which some of his best and happiest sketches appeared.

While he was thus amusing the age he did not forget to "point a moral" as well as "adorn a tale." His "Sunday in London," "The Gin Shop," "The Gin Juggernaut," "The Upas Tree," "The Pillars of a Gin Shop," are all sermons in pictures. "The Bottle," a more recent production, has attained immense celebrity. The tale of a drunkard's life is

faithfully told in these eight plates. They met with extraordinary success, and were dramatised in most of the theatres in the kingdom. A series of plates—"The Drunkard's Children," followed "The Bottle," but were less successful. During the progress of the sale of these prints, George appeared on the platform as the advocate of Teetotalism—a principle which he had adopted, and which he has not failed to recommend whenever the opportunity has been presented. His Temperance addresses are full of humour and point. His action on the platform bears some affinity to his autograph—in and out, and on no recognised principle or rule.

His jokes come ringing from him with all the heartiness of a youth yet in his teens—his warnings and bitter denunciation of wrong as the wise speaking of the sybil. He has proved, in his own experience, when over sixty, that alcoholic drinks were not necessary for the development of his genius. He has shown, at a period when it is generally supposed the mental powers fail, and "the fine gold becomes dim," that, by the aid of temperance, his powers unclouded are preserved to the last. Recently he has produced in, to him, a new line of art, several oil paintings which have been exhibited in the British Institution and Royal Academy. The most noticeable is "Disturbing a Congregation," "A New Situation," and "Dressing for the Day," with some others equally full of humour.

In addition to these already enumerated capabilities, Cruikshank possesses considerable dramatic ability. When the Guild of Literature and Art was organised, he took part with the utmost acceptance in the dramatic performances given in London and the provinces, under the management of Charles Dickens.

In his vocation as caricaturist, in the words of his friend Samuel Philips, "At no period has he drawn a line which, however cutting may have been the satire employed, has not had for its object the benefit, as well as the amusement of his fellow men. His latest works—attacking the most degrading of our national vices—command our gratitude and respect. George is popular amongst his associates. His face is an index to his mind. There is nothing anomalous about him and his doings. His appearance, his illustrations, his speeches, are all alike—all picturesque, artistic, full of fun, feeling, geniality, and quaintness. His seriousness is grotesque, and his drollery is profound. He is the prince of living caricaturists, and one of the best of men."

The following speech, delivered at one of the Manchester Athenæum Soirées, and reported in the papers, may be taken as an excellent sample of the addresses of Cruikshank. He said, on being called upon by the chairman—"Ladies and gentlemen, a celebrated orator, who had the name of Burke, was once contesting an election in the west of England, and very deservedly he gained his election. The

other gentleman who was returned, his fellow-member, was a very worthy man, but, as might be supposed, had not the eloquence of Burke. Burke happened, fortunately for both, to have the lead in returning thanks for the honour of his election, and he made a very splendid speech, receiving considerable applause, as a matter of course. It came to the other gentleman's turn to make his acknowledgments; and he rose and said, 'To what Mr. Burke has said, gentlemen, I say *ditto*.' (*Laughter*.) So, in the present instance, ladies and gentlemen, to what our excellent and eloquent chairman and the other worthy gentlemen have said to you this evening, I say *ditto*; and I believe that is all that I have to say. (*Great laughter and applause*.) I see below,

‘A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,  
An' faith he'll prent it.’”

(*Laughter*.) Mr. Cruikshank, in the same strain, said that the chairman had said something at once complimentary and very much to the purpose respecting the ladies, and it so happened that he (Mr. Cruikshank) was intending to say the same thing himself. (*Laughter*.) This was not his first appearance in public in Manchester, though his first in that hall; and before he came to Manchester he was given to understand that it was always raining here, and that the town was filled with the most miserable and wretched-looking people. (*Laughter*.) Accordingly he prepared himself for the rain with an um-

rella, and looked with all his eyes for the queer-looking people, but he had not been able to find them. He had seen stout, healthy, vigorous working-people; but as to "the wretched victims of tyranny and oppression in Manchester," of whom he had previously heard so much, he had not been so lucky as to find them. In all his travels (which had not been so extensive as Mr. Cobden's), and he had travelled all over England, he did not think he could anywhere find better samples than the ladies and gentlemen of Manchester; for the gentlemen were very good-looking, and the ladies particularly so. (*Great laughter.*) If he had produced anything worthy of commendation, it was because he had always worked for the women and the children; for he had always considered, when he was about to produce any work, if he could instruct or amuse the female mind and the minds of children, he should be sure to have the men also. And he had been induced to bring forth a late production from a sincere desire to save poor wretched women from the brutality which they endured from the effects of intoxication on the part of men. If there needed a talent to produce, there needed also a talent to appreciate, and those before him, he felt assured, possessed that talent. He thanked them for their kind reception of him. (*Applause.*)

## WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN:

MECHANIC'S APPRENTICE, ENGINEER, MEMBER OF  
THE ROYAL SOCIETY, CORRESPONDENT OF THE  
FRENCH INSTITUTE, LL.D., ETC.

ON the installation of Lord Brougham as Chancellor of the Edinburgh University, it was considered a fitting opportunity to confer the honorary degree of LL.D. on several men of distinguished eminence in literature and science.

Amongst the group was specially noticed one whose mental acquirements, untiring industry, and eminent services rendered to practical science, had gained for him a position independent of mere titular dignities; and in honouring this man the College recognised in him talent and perseverance united to labour. In this distinction it said in effect, however valuable a scholastic training might be deemed, that it was possible to attain to literary distinction, and in the investigation of truth to conduct the most elaborate and minute experiments, and yet have been debarred from the systematic education which colleges were founded to impart. That fact, thus broadly admitted, should be the source of satisfac-



tion to many hard-handed workers who feel within them the heavings of great thoughts, prompting to eminence and usefulness.

William Fairbairn was born at Kelso, in Roxburghshire, in the year 1789. His education, though unworthy of the name, was received at the parish school, where he learned imperfectly to read and write; however imperfect, it was all the education that he received. What need, indeed, had his friends to trouble themselves with his mental acquirements? Their business was to secure him, if happily they could, the means of earning his own living. And no doubt, it was satisfactory to them, when they were enabled to apprentice him to a mechanic, to know that he was put in the way of obtaining his own bread. But William soon discovered that to learn merely the routine of "the shop," would go but a little way to advance his position in the world. His ambition filled him with a desire to become something more than a mere machine: he was anxious to be a man possessed of mental resources that would be useful as well as ornamental. Going again to school was, of course, out of the question. But he could do that which Sir Thomas More did—make his own home a school. He could devote his evenings to study. He could at least read, and in books—though but scantily supplied in his case—were to be found all the information he was ambitious of acquiring. His first task was to make himself acquainted with the

introductory books of Euclid, and obtaining a general knowledge of English literature. Thus employing his evening hours, he secured a double result—obtaining an education, and kept out of the way of temptation, and from indulging in low vitiating pursuits which might, as they have done in thousands of instances, have ruined his prospects for life. When his apprenticeship was completed he found himself with a store of general knowledge in addition to being master of his trade. He was now desirous of seeing London, that city of which he had read and heard so much. On his arrival there he obtained employment as a journeyman millwright, which position he occupied for two years. The fascinations of the great metropolis, although not undervalued, were not allowed to absorb his attention, or to draw him from his fixed purpose of self-improvement. His evening hours were still devoted to study. Now, however, his attention was directed to the practical rather than to the theoretical: construction and invention of useful machines rather than to the study of mechanical principles. He thus laid the foundation of many future mechanical applications which led him on to fame and fortune.

But London was not all England, and he was desirous of acquainting himself with places as well as things. To this end he made, at the close of his two years' labour, a tour through England and Ireland—working on the road as he found opportunity. His

wanderings were finally brought to an end at Manchester, where, after working as a journeyman, he was enabled to commence business about the year 1817, on his own account. It must have been in a small way, as he had neither friends nor money. But unpropitious as circumstances seemed to be, he did not doubt but that ultimately he should obtain both a name and a substantial reward, and thus triumph over circumstances of a seemingly insurmountable character. In the same year (1817) he entered into partnership with Mr. Lillie, the firm being known as "Fairbairn and Lillie:" nearly thirty years ago the partnership was dissolved, the establishment having since been carried on exclusively by Mr. Fairbairn.

When he first commenced business he was not satisfied with merely waiting for work which might come to him in the ordinary way: he cast about in his mind for plans and improvements in existing machinery, which, if adopted, must secure him a large trade. After considerable thought on the subject, he was successful in inducing one of the factory owners to allow him almost entirely to remodel his millwork, or transmission machinery, which ultimately led to the present improved state of gearing in mills. His chief improvements consisted in the introduction of light shafting, higher velocities, and other contrivances for driving the machinery by a more simple and effective system than had been previously in use. By this new process he was

enabled to increase the speed from 100 to 160 revolutions per minute, and thus to reduce the weight and ultimate cost of this important branch of mechanical appliance in gaining motion to the machinery of the manufacturers. The success which followed these undoubted improvements, led at once to a considerable augmentation of business. His subsequent inventions and improvements consisted in modification in the valves of steam-engines; the introduction of the double-flued boiler for alternate firing, productive of economy in fuel and consumption of smoke; improvements in the feeding apparatus in mill-stones; the adoption of a better principle of suspension, and the ventilation of the buckets of water-wheels; also the invention of the rivetting-machine, and the introduction of a more ornamental style in the architecture of factories; the result of which is seen in the beautiful buildings which stud the whole of the manufacturing district of Lancashire. Towards the end of 1829 Mr. Fairbairn thought it possible to increase the speed of boats on canals and rivers. At the request of the Canal Company of the Forth and Clyde, he instituted a series of experiments to ascertain the resistance of boats from three to fourteen miles per hour. The experiments were published at the expense of the company, although it was not considered that the end aimed at had been accomplished. The company, however, fully endorsed Mr. Fairbairn's statement, that iron was the

best and safest material for the construction of vessels of every description. Iron boats, it is true, had been in use before Mr. Fairbairn's experiments, yet not constructed upon such principles as would enable them to resist the action of tempestuous seas, or meet the dangers incidental to a perilous navigation. Mr. Fairbairn saw the importance of his experiments, and bent his entire energy to the perfecting of his plans. One of his works was the building of a small sea-going vessel in Manchester, and conveying it through the streets and the nearest waterway to its destination. This is believed to have been one of the earliest essays in iron ship-building, and to have led on to the most honourable success in this department of mechanical skill. Mr. Fairbairn's enterprises in this direction were of the most extraordinary kind. At the premises at Millwall, London, since occupied by Mr. J. Scott Russell, he has constructed not less than one hundred iron vessels, many of them being the largest class frigates of not less than two thousand tons burden. In the years 1834 and 1835, in consequence of an inferior character of iron being used, public confidence in the material was partially destroyed. At the instance of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Hodgkinson were invited to report upon the whole subject. Their labours and experiments on the comparative strength of hot and cold blast iron, on the best form of cast

iron beams, by Mr. Hodgkinson, and on the strength of certain materials under specific conditions, were printed in the "Transactions" of the Association.

Almost simultaneously Mr. Fairbairn instituted a series of experiments on the value and relative properties of English iron. The result of his study in this direction was published in the "Transactions" of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. These investigations had always reference to an ulterior object, the development of some mechanical principle. He certainly must think that there is nothing like iron, as he was the first who attempted iron houses and store buildings. His first experiment in this direction was the construction of a corn-mill, the castings and iron work for which were sent out to Constantinople, where the building was erected twenty years ago, and is still in use, we believe; the first iron structure sent from this country.

As a just tribute to his recognised practical ability he was appointed one of the jurymen of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, and also President of the Sixth Class in the Exhibition in Paris in 1855.

When the means for crossing the Menai Straits by the Chester and Holyhead Railway were under consideration, Mr. Fairbairn's practical and theoretical knowledge of wrought and cast iron as materials of construction, and of the available disposition

of them in the best form for strength, were well known and obviously pointed to him as an authority to be consulted. Subsequently the relative portions of merit due to Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Robert Stephenson became the subject of considerable discussion. It is admitted that the conception of the bridges at Conway and the Menai Straits is due to Mr. Stephenson, but the experimental research and development of the principle, as well as the practical working out of the project, is due to Mr. Fairbairn. The bridges are monuments of their united skill and energy, and as such should be known to the world. It is certain, however, that Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Hodgkinson were engaged upon an elaborate series of experiments, some of which produced unexpected results; from these experiments the best form and dimensions of the tubes were deduced. They have since mainly led to the general use of wrought-iron plate girders in ordinary building operations, as well as in railway engineering. The same investigations contributed largely to the present extensive use of iron in ship-building.

In addition to the creation of an ample fortune, he has received marks of respect from learned bodies in all parts of the world, as well as special distinction from the chief sovereigns of Europe. His literary productions include one on steam navigation for canals, on the resistance and other properties of iron, on the iron of Great Britain, experimental researches

on the malleability of iron at different degrees of temperature, on the adhesive properties of different species of iron, on the resistance of iron plates and their rivets and joinings applied to the construction of ships and other vessels exposed to violent tension, on the tubular bridges, Conway and Britannia, lectures to working engineers of Lancashire and Yorkshire, on boilers and boiler explosions, on the consumption of fuel, on iron ship-building, on steam, and other subjects. He is also the author of many contributions to scientific works which do not bear his name.

He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and Correspondent of the French Institute; and for many years filled the chair of Dalton in the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester.

His son, Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, was the President of the Executive Committee of the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester, and is also the projector of a permanent art gallery in that important town, thus worthily following in the steps of his father.

It must be admitted that the result in the life of Mr. Fairbairn, from a beginning so comparatively trivial, is almost incredible. The effect of its recital, however, upon two classes of mind will be exactly the reverse. One man, after reading the sketch, will supinely fold his hands with the self-consoling thought that "*fate*" *willed* the rise of the celebrated engineer, and therefore to fate is he solely indebted ;



another man, reasoning from causes to effects, will see that indomitable energy and perseverance is the talisman that has *created* his success. The man that believes in fate will thus find additional reasons for patiently waiting until his lucky chance arrives ; the other, who counts nothing upon fate, but believes entirely in endeavours, will brace himself for a combat with the circumstances by which he is surrounded ; *he* will find himself speedily *fated* to succeed, because he uses the means of success. He must rise because he puts his foot on an elevation. He must learn because he adopts means to acquire knowledge. Ignoring effort, industry, and perseverance, the man that calls upon Jupiter, without putting his shoulder to the wheel, shuffles through existence a pain to himself and a source of distress to his friends. His invariable answer to all reasonings and importunings is, " that his turn will come some day." So it will, indeed ; but it will be to be carried to the narrow-house uncared for and unregretted ; but his turn will never come to be respected without *earning* respect ; to be in the possession of knowledge without its preliminary acquirement ; to attain riches from trade without laborious days and nights of careful thought. Fate never so wills. Her prizes are for the strong, for the fleet of foot, for the painstaking and persevering. For the coward, the idle, and the irresolute, she has no rewards but disappointment—the bitter consciousness of a wasted life and dissipated powers.

Be it ours, then, to aspire to the spirit which animates William Fairbairn; to imitate him in his devotion to self-improvement; in his self-respect which shielded him from the allurements of vice, and in his industry, which has surrounded him with friends, and secured him a noble competency for his declining years.

Since the preceding was written, it has been decided to hold the Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1861, at Manchester. At the Oxford meeting, when it was proposed, Sir R. S. Murchison said—"As one of the old members of the British Association, he retained a lively sense of the kindness and hospitality of his friends in Manchester in 1847, and he was delighted that they had selected that city for their place of meeting next year. The duty now devolved upon him of proposing a president for the Manchester meeting, and he had much pleasure in suggesting the name of a gentleman, who, above all others, was best fitted to occupy the post of President to the Association,—an excellent type, a specimen of Manchester men, one of those men whose industry and power united had made Manchester what it was—he meant Mr. William Fairbairn. He (Sir R. Murchison) felt that he was incompetent as a geologist, and a geographer, to do adequate justice to the high merits of Mr. Fairbairn. He was a Scotchman, and was brought up in a county in which he (Sir. R. Mur-

chison) spent many years of his life. For half a century he had put forth his scientific labours, and every engineer in the British islands would bless his name for the advantages he had conferred upon them. The experiments of Mr. Fairbairn in what engineers called the cellular structure were well known, for without these experiments—by which they were taught to give strength to the arc with the least possible amount of iron employed—the spanning of their rivers and arms of the sea never could have been accomplished.”





William and Robert Chambers entering Edinburgh poor and friendless

# WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS:

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

A MAN is said to be a benefactor of his country who makes two blades of grass grow where one only grew before. What shall we say, then, of that man who, finding mental darkness pervading his country, leaves it suffused with light, the result of his perseverance and the right employment of his talents? Taking the difficulties of his task into account, is not such a man more than a hero? William and Robert Chambers are entitled to one of the highest niches in the Temple of Fame. Their names, and the useful works in which they have spent their lives, should act as a stimulus to the most desponding—animating to hope, industry, perseverance.

Peebles, on Tweedside, was the birthplace of William and Robert Chambers. William was born in 1800, and Robert in 1802. The town is a small and dull one; but it possessed one great advantage for its youth, in being able to afford them a good education at a comparatively moderate rate. The parents of William and Robert Chambers were persons of respectable position and connections; the father an

employer of labour on a considerable scale in the then prosperous cotton-manufacture, and a man of super-average intelligence; the mother a woman of elegant person and remarkably energetic character. The young men spent their boyhood in a home where books of science and philosophical instruments were in daily use, and the classics of English literature formed the chief luxury. By these means, and by the conversation of their father, they had opportunities of mental culture much beyond other boys in the middle ranks of life. At the same time, they obtained a good education at the burgh schools; Robert in particular passing through a complete classical course before he had completed his thirteenth year. It is remembered of him that he was much more apt to be found between school-hours with a book in his hand than indulging in boyish sports. Another anecdote of his school career is that he learned the whole of the regular Greek verb in one evening, so as to be ready for being exercised upon it next day. What is remarkable in the course of this pair of brothers, is, not that they were born lowly and have exalted themselves; not that they are entirely self-educated men, but that, their parents having been impoverished by commercial misfortunes, and unable to set them forth in the world in the respectable manner which might have at one time been looked forward to, they took their fate into their own hands, and resolved, by their unassisted energies, to replace themselves on their original level *at least*. In that middle period of their

youth—during the distressed years which followed the conclusion of the war—when their parents were struggling in vain with overwhelming difficulties, the two boys contrived to live in a humble lodging in Edinburgh on a mere pittance, while the senior passed through an apprenticeship to a bookseller, and the younger sought to perfect himself for an attendance on the university with a view to the clerical profession. For a time hopes of assistance from comparatively affluent relatives were entertained ; but they all ended in disappointment. At length, all ordinary accesses to the world being shut by a rigorous fortune, Robert resolved at sixteen to make an effort for himself, even against the will of his parents. It was determined partly by that extreme love of books and learning which had from childhood possessed him. He had by his own tastes been brought much in contact with dealers in old books, and, observing that they generally increased their stores, he thought he might in that line carve a subsistence for himself, without any material interruption to his studies. Half in this serious humour, half in a spirit of youthful frolic, he took possession of the remains of the family library, and, with that stock or capital alone, became a trafficker in books—a pursuit in which his elder brother followed him on the expiration of his apprenticeship. This very humble start of the two young men could be equalled by any boy or man so disposed, for a few pounds. But in this respect their example is not singular. Many of the most eminent book-



selling and publishing firms have had a commencement quite as small.

At the outset, William and Robert's progress was very slow ; but still they were satisfied, because it *was* progress. William, active, original, and self-dependent to a singular extent, with no small gift of mechanical resource, resolved to add the business of a practical printer to his other concerns. Erecting a hand-press in his side-room, he quickly mastered the details of the art. But as the bookselling required his attention during the day, and as he could not afford to employ a man, he must necessarily conduct his printing business at extra hours. A gentleman, who was accustomed to go home at a late hour, still lives to tell that he never failed to observe that, whilst all the rest of the street was shrouded in darkness, light invariably gleamed from the window of William Chambers's small printing room, accompanied with the sound of his ever-toiling press. Like another Franklin, his limited means compelled him to be ingenious as well as industrious. On one occasion, being in want of some large type which he had not the power to purchase, he actually cut the whole fount in wood ! Upon another occasion, he bound the entire impression of a small volume which he had printed on his own account.

Robert, meanwhile, was not idle. Less ingenious in mechanical matters than his brother, he was more disposed to literary pursuits, and he accordingly soon began to employ the time spared from business in

compositions, both in prose and verse. His first efforts, which took the form of a small weekly periodical, printed by his brother, were of the crude character which is to be expected from authors in their teens. But a taste for antiquities ere long led him into a better track, and at twenty-one he was engaged in writing his "Traditions of Edinburgh," which William printed at his hand-press. The book, when it was published, became at once a great favourite with the public. A writer in the "Dublin University Magazine" says, in regard to it, "There does not exist a more amusing book of local antiquities. It is for Edinburgh what Cunningham's 'Handbook' and Leigh Hunt's 'Town' are for London; combining the accurate detail of the one, with much of the humour and romance of the other. And, indeed, Edinburgh is just the town that could admit of such a book, and that required to have it; a town not too large to be overtaken in a connected story, and every inch of it rich with old memories and associations. Every spot in the town has its traditions, and every inhabitant knows, by some chance or other, some of those traditions. One person will point out to you James's Court, where Hume and Boswell lived, and where Dr. Johnson went to visit the latter; another will show you a cellar in the High Street, and tell you that the treaty of union between Scotland and England was settled upon there; a third will show you the spot where Darnley was blown up with gunpowder; in the West Bow anybody will point out to you the

haunted house once tenanted by the horrible wizard, Major Weir, who was burnt in 1670; and all round the Grassmarket are tangible and visible relics of notorious facts in the old history of the town. To collect these scattered traditions of Edinburgh, in an authentic and complete form, had been, we believe, a favourite design of Sir Walter Scott; but the enterprising young immigrant from Peebles was beforehand with him in setting about its execution. With a natural taste for the historic and anecdotal, and impressed, doubtless, with that mystic veneration for Edinburgh, which is sure to seize every intelligent young provincial that goes to take up his abode in it, Robert Chambers seems, while yet a mere boy, to have contracted, in his perambulations through the town, an antiquarian acquaintance with all its noted localities. And when the idea struck him of writing a book on so interesting and attractive a subject, he spared no pains to convert this general acquaintance with the streets and suburbs of Edinburgh into a minute and perfect knowledge. Probably there was not a nook or corner of the town, not a close or *land* in the dingiest purlieus of Auld Reekie, that he did not visit and explore in person. All such oral or written sources of information as were open to him, were also diligently consulted; and in particular, interesting materials were communicated to him by Sir Walter Scott, to whom his inquiries during the preparation of the book were the means of recommending, though not, as has been

erroneously stated, of introducing him, and to whom, when it was finished, he dedicated one of the volumes, the other being inscribed to Mr. Charles K. Sharpe, who likewise had been a serviceable contributor of materials.

The success of this first venture on the sea of literature encouraged Robert to publish, in 1826, the "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," which was also well received, adding greatly to the rising reputation of its author. Then followed his "Picture of Scotland," five volumes of histories of the "Scottish Rebellions," two of a "Life of James I.," three volumes of "Scottish Ballads and Songs," and a "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotchmen," in four large volumes! Work enough here, surely, to satisfy the most exacting. It is true that Robert had the true spirit of labour, and that any genius he might have was turned to excellent account. All this while, be it remembered, ordinary duties were duly and faithfully performed.

Meanwhile William had employed the spare moments, not needed in his shop or printing room, in the composition of his first work, the "Book of Scotland," containing a clear and succinct account of the usages, laws, and institutions of Scotland. This book, which was published in 1830, still remains the best book of reference on the social system of Scotland, its courts, its laws of marriage and divorce, its schools, and its various religious and municipal organizations.

In 1829 the brothers united their energies in the production of a "Gazetteer of Scotland," an enterprise for which they were both peculiarly fitted. This important work, published in 1832, was written, for the most part, by Mr. William Chambers, on his shop counter, during the odd moments occurring in the intervals of business. On the completion of this work, William projected the famous "Edinburgh Journal," "to supply," as he said, "intellectual food of the best kind, in such a form, and at such a price as may suit the convenience of every man in the British dominions." The public appreciation of the new journal was marked by a demand of 50,000 copies; and in 1844, when it was thought advisable to change its form from the folio to the octavo size, the weekly issue was 72,000; and in the next year, 1845, it rose to the enormous circulation of 90,000! The success which has ever attended this famous serial is undoubtedly to be traced to the fact that it is what it pretends to be—an *original* journal. It is not a mere series of reprints, or a collection of newspaper cuttings. It is the production of competent literary men; indeed, during its lengthened career, many of the most eminent authors have been employed to enrich its pages, receiving an adequate, and even liberal remuneration for their services. The general favour extended towards the journal by the public, induced the brothers to join their resources and enter into partnership, taking premises for their joint operations, in the first instance, in Waterloo

Place; these were relinquished for their present spacious office in High Street, which is certainly one of the sights best worth seeing in Edinburgh. It was in these new quarters that the valuable works, the "Information for the People," and the "Cyclopædia of English Literature," were published. These works, the one containing a series of popular, scientific, and historic treatises, and the other a survey of literature from the earliest times to the present day, with biographical notices of authors, and appropriate extracts, form one of the most valuable contributions to literature made during the present century. On their completion, the "People's Edition of Standard English Works;" "The Educational Course;" "Chambers's Miscellany of Tracts;" "Chambers's Papers for the People;" all followed in quick succession. Each of these ventures proved a splendid success; and was a still further evidence of the foresight of the now famous brothers. Their singular energy and perseverance is well illustrated in the instance of the "Educational Course," which has been brought to its present state of completeness through a series of apparently insurmountable difficulties. The series now includes works on every subject, from the alphabet to the classics; and it illustrates an interesting feature of the Chambers's establishment—the publication of none but really good and useful books. While too many publishers, anxious only to issue what they thought *would sell*, have only ministered to the morbid and diseased

taste of the reader, the Messrs. Chambers, on the other hand, solicitous for the elevation of their fellow-men, have only published such books as *ought to sell*, and that were commendable by their intrinsic merits. It is to the honour of the times in which we live that these praiseworthy efforts have been duly rewarded.

The last, and which bids fair to be the most important work published by William and Robert, is the "Encyclopædia, a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People." From the seventh part we learn the advance made in popular literature during the period that the brothers have been in business:—

"The changes produced in the English book trade by the cheap press are not more remarkable than that improvement in taste which has subdued the traffic in books of a politically objectionable, and of a demoralizing character. Contrary to fears entertained on the subject, the cheapening of books, periodicals, and newspapers has in no perceptible degree deteriorated literature. The sale of books of a grossly demoralizing tendency has been driven into obscurity, and in other ways circumscribed by a recent Act of Parliament (21 and 22 Vict. cap. 83); and it is demonstrable, as regards periodicals, that those of an objectionable kind form but a small proportion of the whole. On this subject we offer the following statement, the result of careful inquiry into the cheap periodical trade in 1859-1860:—Religious

but not sectarian periodicals, at  $\frac{1}{2}d.$ ,  $1d.$ , and  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$  each, twenty in number, aggregate issue per month, 1,436,500. Two periodicals of the Religious Tract Society of London, one sold at  $1d.$  and the other at  $\frac{1}{2}d.$ , aggregate issue per month, 804,000. Temperance, at  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  and  $1d.$  each, nine in number, aggregate issue per month, 203,000. Useful, educational, and entertaining literature, at  $1d.$ ,  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ , and  $2d.$  each, seven in number, aggregate issue per month, 2,400,000. Novels, stories, ballads, &c., at  $1d.$  each, six in number, aggregate issue per month, 3,200,000. Romances and tales to excite the sentiments of wonder and horror, mostly at  $1d.$  each, sixty in number; the issue of these could not be ascertained, but it is believed to reach the monthly aggregate of 1,500,000. Stories and memoirs of an immoral nature, at  $1d.$  each, four in number, aggregate issue per month, 52,500. Freethinking and irreligious, two in number, with, it is believed, a comparatively limited circulation. According to this view, the cheap periodical literature may be classed and summed up in amount as follows:—1. Works of an improving tendency, circulation per month, 8,043,500. 2. Works of an exciting nature, but not positively immoral, circulation per month, 1,500,000. 3. Works immoral, and opposed to the religion of the country, circulation per month probably under 80,000.”

The English reader is also made acquainted with the book trade of the Modern Athens, in some features presenting a contrast to the London trade—



“Considering the many advantages possessed by London, it may appear surprising that the business of publishing should be attempted to any extent in Edinburgh—the only place out of the metropolis to which we need specially refer. Yet, the Scottish capital is not devoid of recommendations. Its general society is of a character to invite the residence of men of literary acquirements, and it is fortunate in possessing an extensive collection of books for reference in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates. Edinburgh publishers are able to conduct their enterprises with a degree of calmness and deliberation which can scarcely be realized in London; while, at the same time, they enjoy a certain advantage in comparatively cheap labour. Paper also may be obtained at a somewhat lower price from Scotch makers than from the wholesale stationers of London—this last circumstance being of first importance in producing large impressions of cheap books and periodicals. As Edinburgh books are mostly sent to London, the expense of carriage and loss by commission form a drawback on profits. Notwithstanding this and other disadvantages, the book trade of Edinburgh continues in a thriving condition. In 1860, it comprehended upwards of thirty firms carrying on the united business of publishers and booksellers, and ninety as booksellers alone. In this list are eight or nine leading publishing houses, all of which, with one exception, print the works which they issue—an economical and convenient union of professions which

forms a peculiar feature of the Edinburgh book trade. In the establishment whence the present work is issued, every department connected with the preparation and dispersion of books is included."

In the same article we are presented with the fact, that the mere cutting of the edges of a book exercises an important influence upon its sale:—

"In doing up books in cloth boards, the American binders invariably cut off the outer folds of the sheets, so as to smooth the edges of the leaves, as in English leather binding; by which process the first readers of new books are spared the trouble of cutting open the leaves. Many persons have wished to see this improvement, for such it is, introduced into England. There are still, however, prejudices to be overcome on the subject. Strange as it may appear, numbers of purchasers like to cut up the leaves with a folder as they advance through a new book or periodical, from an idea that the repeated slight interruptions heighten the pleasure of perusal. In our experience, we have known gentlemen who would not sit down to read a cut-up new book. Besides, there is a notion among buyers in England, that books with smooth-cut leaves may be second-hand, and not worth the price of new. Undoubtedly, the Americans are ahead of Europeans generally in this particular."

The union of author and publisher which we see in the case of Messrs. Chambers, is nearly without precedent in England, and wholly without a contemporary parallel. Usually we see the publisher, a

man of capital and of business, directing the operations of literary men, and getting their objects not always successfully accomplished, while the *employés* on their part vent grumblings of no gentle cast at their employers. In the case of Messrs. Chambers, we see the literary power at the head, which may be regarded as its proper place, and the commercial department, as seems meet, in the hands of salaried subordinates. Thus the literary plan is sure to be worked out to the best advantage; author and business man are kept in what seems a natural relation, and all discontents are avoided.

The Messrs. Chambers employ at the present time in their Edinburgh establishment, exclusively upon their own publications, nearly two hundred hands. Their premises, including every branch of printing and book-binding, are about 268 feet from front to back, and 45 in width. The press-room, which is exceedingly spacious and well lighted, contains ten printing machines and one high-pressure steam-engine. The number of sheets turned out by these machines averages 700,000 per month, or ten millions per year!

This result is apt to strike us as in strange contrast with the narrow concerns and hard struggles of youth; yet the two things could easily be shown to be in perfectly natural connection. A frugal and judicious use of means, incessant diligence and thorough good intention, have mainly contributed to the end that has been attained. There is, perhaps, scarcely any amount of intelligence which might not,

under similar conditions, produce results in proportion. Mr. William Chambers, a few years ago, purchased an estate in his native county, where he spends a considerable portion of his well-earned leisure. In 1853, he made a trip to the United States, which resulted in his fresh and reliable book—"Sketches of America." Since his return he has built and presented to his native town, Peebles, at the cost of from ten to twelve thousand pounds, a reading and news-room, with a well-furnished library.

We have thus seen how these two boys, thrown on their own resources, started in their race of life; we now see them, their names "familiar as household words," with a reputation extending throughout the world. Fame and fortune alike their portion, they live—and long may they live—with the delightful consciousness that their productions will be a source of profit and pleasure to the latest generation. Long may they live, to furnish an example of the honour and profit attending a life of energy, perseverance, and industry to the inhabitants of a not ungrateful country!

## SIR JOHN FRANKLIN :

LINCOLNSHIRE BOY, NAVAL HERO, AND GREAT  
ARCTIC EXPLORER.

OVER the sea, to the land of storms, of suffering, desolation, and death—to seas of ice, where our hardiest mariners, shut out from the sympathy of those they loved, met danger as heroes, and only succumbed to the cold hand of death—they had gone on a mission of duty, which they performed as Englishmen have ever done, fearlessly. And if death came, as death did come, so that the Esquimaux would have to record that “they fell down and died as they walked along the ice,” would not He, whose eye never slumbers, mark their self-sacrifice, their devotion as good and faithful servants, discharging to the utmost the trust reposed in them by their country?

It is of the leader of that intrepid band of men, who went out to the arctic regions at the bidding of his country, in the hope of discovering a passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, of whom we write. He, and not only he, but every man of the expedition, lost his life; not one of all the two ships’ crews returned to tell the sad tale of sorrow, suffering, and



Franklin entering the navy as a petty officer.



death. It is pleasant to think, however, that before he died, Sir John Franklin had discovered the North-West Passage, thus solving the problem which had perplexed geographers for hundreds of years, and the solution of which had been the subject of anxious inquiry, of expedition after expedition.

Sir John Franklin was born at Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, and was educated at the Grammar School of Louth. During his school days the fame of Nelson rang through the land—his daring and victories were the theme of conversation in every town, city, or village in the kingdom. Franklin, fired with the glorious reports, determined to be a sailor—and perhaps he also might do some deed whereof his country had need to be proud. His parents, not liking the profession which their son had chosen, sent him a voyage in the hope that it would disgust him with seafaring life. It did no such thing. It confirmed his love for it; and no hardships or terrors could set it aside. Oh, how much temptation was there in the words “Nelson and the Nile,” for a boy of Franklin’s temperament! In the hope of joining in England’s battles, what would he not do and dare? The man-of-war, the stout “Polyphemus,” commanded by Captain Lawford, in the year 1800, received upon its quarter-deck, amongst its petty officers, John Franklin, in his fourteenth year. And then, within a year of that time, as the consummation of his hopes, he was privileged to take part in the glorious battle of Copen-



hagen, when Nelson destroyed the great confederacy which had been formed with the intention of humbling England! Captain Lawford took care that the "Polyphemus" should be a leading ship in the fight, and that it should present an impregnable front to the enemy. When he returned home to that old house at Spilsby, with how much interest would John Franklin recite the glories of that great sea-fight?

His next voyage was with Captain Flinders, in the very leaky and unsound ship, the "Investigator." In our day such a vessel would scarcely be intrusted with a cargo of coals from the mouth of the Thames to London Bridge; and yet for two years the ship was beating about that country to which Captain Flinders gave the name of Australia. Franklin, meanwhile, was enduring all the hardships of a long and perilous voyage. It was the apprenticeship, however, of many much more perilous undertakings for his country. Happily, he not only came in contact with a new country and experienced the usual vicissitudes of the explorer, but he had also the companionship of his captain, who could tell him of marvellous adventures in the Great South Sea; of charming Otaheite and its generous inhabitants; of the Sandwich Islands, and the death of the famed discoverer, Captain Cook. Flinders could relate how he had stood face to face with death: for had he not navigated Van Diemen's Land in an open boat, and

accompanied Bass when he discovered the Strait called by his name?

When the leaky ship was beating about Australia, the great Napoleon had sent explorers to map out the coast of Australia. Leaky as the "Investigator" was, it was manned by stout English hearts, and commanded by one who anticipated in every instance the French navigators. At the period of which we write, Nelson not only manifested the prowess of the British navy, but Flinders, in his old ship, demonstrated that English conquests could be equally glorious in the less exciting voyage of discovery. The "Investigator" at last had done its work. It had earned enduring laurels for England; but now it was found utterly useless. At this time, to make matters worse, scurvy and dysentery had made their appearance among the crew. However, Port Jackson was near, where the old ship was discarded, the captain, Franklin, and the crew obtaining a passage home in the good ship "Porpoise." We find them on board in 1803, trusting for favouring gales to waft them once more to the shores of Old England. In passing north about round Australia, the "Porpoise" got on a reef of rocks called Torres Straits—then little known. When the look-out discovered the dreaded breakers a gun was fired to warn their two consorts of the danger. The "Porpoise" was soon a wreck; fortunately, after the masts had gone overboard, the hull fell towards the reef, which saved the vessel from

immediate destruction. The next vessel also became a wreck, falling towards the sea ; however, the greater part of her crew was drowned. The third vessel, to the infinite disgrace of her captain, fled to the open sea, there to experience a worse fate, the foundering of the ship and the loss of every soul on board ! When the crews of the two vessels mustered, it was found that there were ninety-four human beings on a sand-bank not more than 400 feet long. The nearest port from whence succour could be obtained, was the port from whence they had sailed, Port Jackson, and it was 750 miles distant. The brave Flinders had been in many difficulties before—could he not find a way out of this ? He could at least *try*. He and some picked men took an open boat in the hope of reaching Port Jackson, which, by the blessing of Providence, they succeeded in doing, returning in time to rescue their exhausted comrades from the sand-bank. Captain Flinders would take care, after that adventure, on his return to England, that every captain sailing to Australia was made aware of Torres Strait.

When Franklin had arrived at Port Jackson, there seemed only one way of returning home, embracing an offered opportunity of going to China, and then returning to England in one of the Honourable Company's ships. In the January of 1804, he found himself on board the "Earl Camden," commanded by Captain Nathaniel Dance, sailing from Canton

river, in charge of fifteen merchantmen laden with valuable Chinese produce. All went well with the vessels until the 14th of February, when strange sails were descried in the distance. The strangers proved to be three French frigates under the command of Admiral Linois, whose flag was hoisted on board the notorious "Marengo." Dance instantly put the vessels in order of battle. To the astonishment therefore of the French, instead of finding the rich China prize ready to their hands, they found a little fleet of ships ready to dispute every ounce of goods in their possession. The French commander determined to wait until morning, in the hope that the vessels would separate during the night, when they would fall an easy prey. But strange to say, when the morning dawned, the merchantmen were discovered as on the previous night, all ready to engage. Presently Dance gave the order to make sail. The French admiral thought he could at least cut off some of the hindmost ships. On the instant when the attempt was made, Dance threw out the signal—"Tack ! bear down and engage the enemy !" What a glorious hurrah ! burst from the throats of those British tars at the sight ! Admiral Linois did not like being surrounded, so he gave *his* orders to "make sail." Dance, not to be outdone, gave the additional order—"Make chase !" And then was seen a sight, the like of which was never seen before or since—a squadron of French men-of-war, perfectly

equipped, under the command of a French admiral, flying from fifteen English merchantmen! Well might Franklin in after-years proudly recite the particulars of that incident.

When the convoy reached England, our hero entered as signal midshipman on board the "Bellero-phon," in which vessel he took part in the ever memorable battle of Trafalgar. In the subsequent attempt to take New Orleans, Franklin was for the first time wounded. When the much-desired Peace came, his thoughts were again directed to maritime discovery. At that time the ever-recurring question of a North-West Passage was once more uppermost. Franklin had then been advanced to the position of a lieutenant, and was in his thirty-first year; all his antecedents proving him to be the man best adapted for an arctic command, to which he was wisely elected. And so, on the 25th of April, 1818, we find the discovery brigs, "Dorothea" and "Trent," sailing down the Thames. The first vessel was commanded by Captain Buchan, the latter by Lieutenant John Franklin. Neither captain had a doubt on the subject of their voyage. They would surely pass from the Atlantic into the Pacific Ocean by the North-West Passage. So confident were they on this matter that they arranged before leaving England on their rendezvous in the Pacific Ocean!

Six months after the "Dorothea" and "Trent" again entered the Thames, sadly battered and wea-

ther-beaten. Their crews had a tale full of peril and wondrous escapes. They had not been on the Pacific Ocean, or near it. It is true they had lost no time. A month had not elapsed since the expedition sailed before they were in the cold regions. Long before that time the "Trent" was discovered to be leaky, which necessitated from first to last a number of men being constantly kept at the pumps. The vessels had been subjected to storms that piled "tons weight" of snow-flakes on their decks. The axe had constantly to be used to clear them of ice and snow. It availed little that the crews met the storms with light hearts and cheerful faces. They had to return twice to Magdalena Bay, each time in a more woeful plight. Both vessels had been in fearful collision with the ice, but providentially both had been preserved—preserved with broken timbers, sprung beams, and the "Dorothea's" side forced in! It was evident the "Dorothea" must return. Franklin was desirous to go on alone; but Buchan, who had the command of the expedition, wisely determined that both vessels should make for home.

A twelvemonth had not passed, however, before Franklin was once more in the cold regions. This time it was to be a boating expedition on the coasts of Arctic America. Franklin was accompanied by the present Sir John Richardson, George Back, Robert Hood, midshipman, and John Hepburn, seaman. The expedition left England in 1819, and

returned in 1822. Speaking of that journey, Sir John Barrow said:—"It adds another to the many splendid records of enterprise, zeal, and energy of our seamen: of that cool and intrepid conduct which never forsakes them on occasions the most trying—that unshaken constancy and perseverance in situations the most distressing, and sometimes the most hopeless, that can befall human beings; and it furnishes a beautiful example of the triumph of mental and moral energy over mere brute strength, in the simple fact that out of fifteen individuals, inured from their birth to cold, fatigue, and hunger, no less than ten (native landsmen) were so subdued by the aggravation of those evils to which they had been habituated as to give themselves up to indifference, insubordination, and despair, and finally to sink down and die; whilst of five British seamen, unaccustomed to the severity of the climate and the hardships attending it, one only fell, and that one by the hands of an assassin. A light buoyant heart, a confidence in their own powers, supported by a firm reliance on a merciful Providence, never once forsook them, and brought them through such misery and distress as rarely, if ever, have been surmounted."

On the return of Franklin there was much rejoicing at his safety, and at the daring manifested during the expedition. It was evident to all that Franklin was no common man. In his absence he

had been made a commander; and now, on his return, he was promoted to the rank of captain.

In 1823 Eleanor Porden became his wife—and a true, noble wife she was, worthy of such a husband. They had been married only two short years, however, when Franklin received a commission to proceed upon another arctic expedition. He was much distressed at the thought of leaving his wife, and yet he could not reject the call of duty. Eleanor knew that the hand of death was upon her; she might never see her husband more. But forgetting self, and subduing her own wishes and inclinations, she conjured her husband to go forth at the call of his country; and in the true spirit of a noble woman, of whom England has need to be proud, she worked with her own hands a flag for her husband to spread to the winds when he gained the Frozen seas! In the absence of the expedition the spirit of this excellent woman went to its reward.

On the return of the expedition their countrymen vied with each other in paying its members that honour which their endurance so well merited. Three years after the death of Franklin's first wife, Jane Griffin committed herself to his keeping. Truer, nobler, more heroic woman, surely never plighted her faith with man! *How worthy*, the whole world knows.

The summer of 1844 had come. The scientific world was once again agitated with the news o



another arctic expedition. Officers and seamen were using all the influence at their command to have their names enrolled in the band of gallant men who were to open up the North-West Passage. It had been expected that Fitzjames, a man of great energy and ability, would be appointed to the command. Sir John Franklin, however, who had but recently returned from the official position of Governor of Van Diemen's Land, put in his claim for the command, as being the oldest arctic explorer. Lord Haddington, the First Lord of the Admiralty, in great kindness, suggested that Franklin might rest satisfied at home with his already accumulated honours. "I might find a good excuse for not letting you go, Sir John," said he, "in the tell-tale record which informs me that you are sixty years of age." "No, no, my lord, not sixty," he replied, "I am only fifty-nine!" It was clear Franklin had made up his mind to go. The command of the two vessels, the "Erebus" and "Terror," was therefore given to him; the "Terror" being under the command of Captain Crozier. On the 18th of May, 1845, the two vessels started on their long voyage. A store-ship had accompanied them, so that both vessels might have their stores completed before entering the Arctic seas. When it returned it bore a letter from Fitzjames, in which he said,—“That Sir John was delightful; that all had become very fond of him, and that he appeared remarkable for energetic decision in an

emergency. The officers were remarkable for good feeling, good humour, and great talents; whilst the men were fine hearty sailors, mostly from the northern ports."

The two vessels had no sooner entered Baffin's Bay than they encountered a severe tempest, through which they passed, providentially, without sustaining material injury. They were too anxious to proceed, to allow Greenland to stop them in their progress. The packed ice appears in sight, and the look-out, who has found a lane of water, cries "So-ho! steady! steer her with a small helm, my lad!" In a few moments, after receiving some bruises in the contact, the "Erebus" and "Terror" are fairly in the ice. Now, the vessels have frequently to be towed by ropes, and at other times rest helpless by the side of an iceberg. Occasionally the monotony is relieved by a whaler from Aberdeen or Hull, striving to get into Pond's Bay. It is still, "On, on! to the westward!" Anon the vessels touch the coast of North Devon—so aptly called "Desolation's Abiding-place." Beechy Island is made, and Wellington Channel is found open. It was intended to have gone south-west from Cape Walker, but blocks of ice effectually barred the way. Why not try a passage north-about round Parry Islands? Anything is better than delay. Away sail the "Erebus" and "Terror" into Penny's Strait. But soon the way is found blocked with ice. Nothing for it but to turn the

vessels southward. Barrow's Straits are entered, and now dangers are encountered sufficient to appal the stoutest hearts. Winter quarters must be sought—fortunately Beechy Island is within reach, and there the vessels are secured for the winters of 1845 and 1846. Without experiencing it, who can know the dreary terrors of a Polar winter? In those gloomy regions there are three months of twilight and darkness! We may be sure the crews of the two vessels bore it bravely. An observatory was erected, a shooting gallery was formed, and various remains of social life attest the efforts made by the crews to pass cheerfully that long winter. Three of the sailors have succumbed to its rigours, and have been reverently placed within the graves prepared by their comrades. But light once more returns; the spring is about to break upon those ice-bound mariners. Exploring parties with sledges leave the vessels; but, sad to say, Franklin was not well provided with means of overland locomotion. His sledge parties did not go a greater distance from the ships than twenty miles. Captain M'Clintock subsequently, by suitable arrangements, was enabled to carry boats, tents, clothing, food, and fuel, and to travel, as he did, fourteen hundred miles of ground and frozen sea.

When spring had come, and it was felt that the ice was moving, there went up a mighty shout from those long imprisoned men. In the middle of August the look-out observed an opening—and away go the vessels

down Peel's Channel. King William's Land and the American continent are ahead—only let them get there, and those mariners will have found the long-sought North-West Passage! The prize is just within their grasp. Only one hundred miles now lie between those brave hearts and the consummation of their wishes! Ah! but the winter—that cruel winter of 1846 and 1847—has set in. At this time the ships were only twelve miles from Cape Felix—a dangerous position indeed. What men could do, those men had done, and yet they were helpless. No doubt, during all that perilous time, hope was strong in the breast of every man of the two crews. At last, when May came, Lieutenant Graham Gore and Mr. F. Des Vœux, with six men, left the ships for land. This party placed a record in a cairn beyond Cape Victory, on the west coast of King William's Land. It records:—"On May 24th, 1847, all were well on board the ships, and that Sir John Franklin still commanded." Hurrah! a little week, and they will be back with their fellows, with the news of the long-desired shores of America! But what is that they learn on their return? News that may well chill the blood of the stoutest heart. Franklin lays on his death-bed! That good and great man, that mighty explorer, in that little ship, far away from home, is about to yield up his spirit to Him who gave it! Why, the prize is within view, almost within grasp. It must not be. Death

has claimed that veteran for his own ! The North-West Passage *was* discovered. Franklin in his last hour knew that, though his body was interred within the Frozen regions, his country would not forget to honour his memory. Forget to honour ? Never. While sterling worth is prized, virtue revered, heroism valued, that good and great name of Franklin shall be first in the temple of fame !

The bell tolls—the funeral cortège slowly and solemnly leaves the vessels ; Fitzjames reads the burial service ; and then, amid the suppressed sobs of those hardy men, the remains of Sir John Franklin are committed to the ice stream. He, the head of the expedition—its life and soul, is gone ! What shall those mariners do now ? Autumn has come, but the future does not seem bright or cheery. The Pacific is still far away. The Great Fish River, their next hope, is fraught with dangers, and, sad to say, the provisions will soon be exhausted, and scurvy has already made its dreaded and loathsome appearance. Dreary days and weeks pass, but there is no water : ice, ice—everywhere ice. Oh ! for ninety miles of water, and those brave, much-enduring men are saved. If not—why, death, slow, lingering, torturing death, surely awaits them. But see, the ice moves !—slowly, but still it moves. Ten miles, twenty miles—why, there are only sixty miles remaining, and then they are saved ! But what is this—the new ice forming ? Even so ; the terrible winter has once more set in !

That dreaded winter of 1847 and 1848, and those ships yet so far from succour. There are many warm beating hearts at home, anxiously waiting for any ray of intelligence of the far-off mariners; but a kind Providence shields them from an actual knowledge of the disease, suffering, and death which press those brave men down. The horrors of that winter will never be told to mortal ear.

The spring of 1848 comes. There are nine officers and twelve men missing—where are they? Sleeping the long quiet sleep of death. And the 104 poor mortals that now huddle together are surely more dead than alive. Gaunt famine is there in their midst. They intend to make one more effort—the Great Fish River is still open to them. There is now no other hope. They must either quit the ships or die. Better to meet death trying to save their lives, even if they should not succeed. Sledges are prepared, and loaded with whale-boats, clothing, guns, powder and shot, and provisions for forty days; and the ships are at last abandoned. Sad to relate, however, the sledges progressed only fifteen miles in three days. The men had not calculated their diminished strength, or surely they would not thus have loaded their sledges? When the nearest point of land is gained—Port Victory—the exhausted mariners cast away ~~pick-axes~~ pick-axes, shovels, rope, blocks, clothing, stores, sextants, quadrants, oars, and medicine chest. A record had been left here in the pre-

vious year by the gallant Gore ;—round its margin Captain Fitzjames wrote a few mournful words, by which we learn all we ever can learn of this heart-rending history.

Another halt is made halfway between Cape Victory and Cape Herschel. Here one of the boats turns to the northward, the rest push on. Two skeletons were afterwards found in that boat, and the Esquimaux found the bones of a “large man with big bones” on one of the ships—he had evidently returned to die. The others, with incredible labour, reach Cape Herschel, placing in its cairn the last record which gives us the only information of their sad position. A few miles further south, and one more victim falls. His comrades cannot stop to bury him ; their own lives are in imminent peril. Speedily are they to be yielded to the rigours of that desolate country. The Esquimaux report that about *forty* white men were seen one spring dragging a boat and sledges ; and that afterwards the bodies of thirty men and some graves were discovered at the entrance of the Great Fish River. It was there the last man of the expedition lay down in the arms of death. And so ended the crews of the “Erebus” and “Terror.”

And now, the reader asks, where is all this information obtained ? Surely he does not suppose that England would quietly forget the mariners sent out at her bidding—would make no effort to ascertain

their fate? Men of science, with the great Humboldt at their head; our own Queen, and the Empress of the French, stimulated the cry of rescue—if haply those men of the “Erebus” and “Terror” yet lived. Expedition after expedition went out during eleven long years; yet, up to 1854, no information of Sir John or his brave companions was obtained. There was now no hope that the dread problem would ever be solved. Hope was revived, however, by the return of Dr. Rae, who brought information that the bodies of forty men had been discovered at the mouth of the Great Fish River. Esquimaux had been met, who said that two ships had been wrecked on the coast of King William’s Land—the very spot which had not been explored by any of the searching parties. The Government was appealed to for one more expedition, but the prayer was resolutely refused. Brave Lady Franklin determined at any cost, however, to know the fate of her husband. Only partial success followed an appeal made to the public; she resolved, therefore, to sell all her available property and to retire into humble lodgings, in order that she might be enabled to purchase and equip with stores the little yacht, the “Fox,” to send to King William’s Land. In 1857 it sailed under the command of Captain M’Clintock, who was surrounded by a crew of twenty-five stout-hearted men. It was not until the February of 1859, after incredible dangers, that the captain and officers of the “Fox” were



enabled to commence their search on King William's Land. Then, by well-ordered sledge parties, point after point was traced, and this sad mournful history unfolded.

And now, shall we not be the better for knowing the career of Sir John Franklin, and the mournful fate of the crews of the "Erebus" and "Terror?" In the times of *our* tribulation and sorrow, will not their example rise up before us, prompting us in every season of difficulty and danger to quit us like men—to remember that sacred word *duty*, and perform it conscientiously wherever our lot may be cast? We may never visit the Arctic seas, never be called to "go down to the sea in ships;" but in the busy city, in the quiet of the rural village, in the retirement of our own homes, there are duties which, if truly done, will ennoble us to all eternity in the eye of Him who "seeth in secret." Those brave ice-bound men did their duty faithfully, the relation of whose sufferings will thrill the hearts of England's sons to the latest generation as a brilliant instance of patience, of suffering, and of much endurance.





Lindsay working his passage to Liverpool in the engine room of the steamer.

## WILLIAM SHAW LINDSAY.

A POOR FRIENDLESS ORPHAN, CABIN-BOY, GREAT  
SHIPOWNER, AND MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

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THE day of wonders is not past. The times in which we live are as remarkable as at any period of the world. We are living amongst men whose history is as marvellous as any that the past has emblazoned on the roll of fame—whose adventures and achievements are more extraordinary than the strangest imaginings of the novelist and romancist, and which will be cited, centuries hence, as the most notable wonders of the nineteenth century.

Such instances, after furnishing a theme for amusement and a subject for astonishment, produce little permanent good, unless we are excited to imitate, to some extent, exemplars of so famous a kind. If the instances of men rising in the world are allowed to have their proper effect, and are appreciated to their full value, what will be the result? We shall see youths, who are now friendless, fighting their way in the world, sure, ultimately, of securing the aid and sympathy of kind and good men; we shall see the student, almost in despair at his small mental pro-

gress, still persevering, and finally achieving a position of honour, if not of fame; we shall see the working-man, toiling from early morn to dewy eve, for a wretched pittance, it may be; still toiling on, and one day earning a position of competence and ease; we shall see the tradesman, sadly distressed at his bad trade, and at the prospect of engagements which he cannot meet, still holding on in faith and honour, and finally standing erect among his fellows, promoted probably to municipal or national honours; we shall see, if we do not see these sight-worthy things, youths and young men, now comparatively ignorant and uninformed, progressing in intelligence, and to that respectability which may be enjoyed by the poorest wayfarer as well as the richest. It is not given to every one, toil as he may, to be rich or famous; it is, possible for every one, however, to be respected for probity and honour; to be useful, and therefore have mental satisfaction in living; to be industrious, and therefore independent of the dolements of charity. And this may be done, however wretched the circumstances by which we are surrounded. But example is greater than precept. Learn, then, from the life of William Shaw Lindsay, and be wise.

William was born in Ayr, in Scotland, in 1816, and was left an orphan when he was six years old. From that time until he was fifteen he was dependent upon friends for the merest subsistence. When he was fifteen he determined to make a start on his own

account. He had at that time three shillings and sixpence, saved from gifts of half-pence. His intention, on starting, was to go to sea, where he had no doubt he should make his fortune. Liverpool presenting greater facilities for obtaining a berth on board ship than any port in Scotland, he determined to go there. But he could not part with his three and sixpence—it was his all, and what should he do without money in that great sea-port? Could he not work his passage over? Work! why what work could he do? A boy of fifteen—never at sea before; was he not very likely to be ill on the passage, and therefore utterly useless? Well, but he could try. The captain readily agreed, upon condition of his trimming the coal on board the steamer. Horrible passage it must have been to the poor boy, shut up amid the dust and heat of the boiler-room, experiencing the sensations of a first voyage! But the work had been undertaken, and it must be done. At last the steamer was moored alongside the magnificent docks of the Mersey, and William was free to step on shore. But where should he go? “The world was all before him, where to choose.” Among the tens of thousands of human beings threading the streets and quays of that busy mart of industry, there was none to whom he could apply—none who could be said to feel any interest in his living or dying. The three and sixpence was soon exhausted—carefully stored as it might be. It served for three weeks to keep soul and body together, and then utter starvation

stared him in the face. For the next four weeks William had actually to sleep in the streets, and in the dock sheds, wherever a corner presented itself likely to be undisturbed. His food, meanwhile, was the bread of charity, thrown to him by those moved by the depth of misery exhibited in his woe-begone appearance. At length, after these dreadful seven weeks had elapsed, hope dawned and the prospect brightened. He was fortunate enough to be engaged as a cabin-boy on board the "Isabella," West Indiaman; but such was the treatment which boys on ship-board then received, that it is questionable if he had much improved his position, bad as it was on the quays and in the sheds of Liverpool. But William had within him a spirit that would not be subdued by hardships—while he had life he would still hope on, trusting the future, and doing his best in the present. His good sense told him that his only hope of rising would be by attaining a knowledge of the duties of a seaman; that if he was content merely to labour, he would, of necessity, be a drudge all his life. So steadily and industriously had he employed every moment in learning the various duties of a seaman, that he was found competent to be appointed to the position of second mate, to which office he was actually promoted within three years of joining the vessel, as we have seen, in the humblest capacity! But as if Fortune was jealous of his rising prospects, in the very first year of his elevation he was shipwrecked, when both his legs and one arm were broken! The days and weeks that he

lay in his sad mutilated condition, he would no doubt devote to the study of navigation. This probably was the reason why the next year he was promoted to the office of chief mate. That office necessitates a knowledge and responsibility equal to that of the captain. How assiduously and diligently William acquired that knowledge, under the immense difficulties of his position, it is surely not difficult to surmise. But, strange to say, in 1836, two years after, when he was only in his nineteenth year, he was appointed to the command of the "Olive Branch," which command he held until 1840. When his vessel was in the Persian Gulf, in 1839, he nearly lost his life in a hostile encounter, when he was cut down by a sabre-stroke across the breast; but he killed his assailant by a pistol shot. In 1841 William retired from the sea, on being appointed agent for the Castle-Eden Coal Company. During the discharge of his duties his active temperament prompted him to take some steps towards making Hartlepool an independent port, which result he finally achieved; then, docks and wharves had to be formed, towards which he rendered material assistance. Probably finding Hartlepool too limited for his desires, in 1845 he removed to London—that *El Dorado* of all aspiring spirits—where he was successful in laying the foundation of a business of immense magnitude, and which fairly entitles him to take his position in the foremost rank of the first merchants in the world. But, absorbing as his occupations had then become,



he did not forget the importance of the cultivation of his mind. His rise thus far had been entirely owing to his self-improvement; if he hoped to rise still higher it must be by the same means. His evening hours, which tens of thousands waste in sheer idleness and dissipation, he sedulously devoted to the attainment of a general education, which had been denied him in his youth. The information thus acquired has been of the greatest service to him in his subsequent plans and projects. It has enabled him, during his career, to publish various pamphlets and letters on questions related to the shipping interest, and a more durable work, entitled, "Our Navigation and Mercantile Marine Laws," which will no doubt remain the permanent record on the subject.

We are now to imagine him, by dint of perseverance and industry, arrived at the proud position of being recognised as one of the largest shipowners and shipbrokers in the kingdom, when he determined to enter Parliament, soliciting, in the first instance the suffrages of the electors of Monmouth and Dartmouth in 1852, but by reason of aristocratic influence, and, it is said, by other means less honourable, he was rejected by both places. Of course William Lindsay did not know the meaning of the word "fail," and therefore looked upon his rejection as merely delaying a consummation which he had determined to achieve. He would ultimately succeed, although he should in his efforts experience twenty

defeats. He had determined upon one thing, however—that his success, whenever it might come, should only be the result of purity of election, and the true unwavering declaration of his principles. In 1854 he became a candidate for Tynemouth, when, after a severe contest, he was elected by a narrow majority of seventeen. But in the election of 1857 he was again returned without opposition.

During the contest at Dartmouth Mr. Lindsay gave the electors an account of his interesting career, as well as some information relative to the transactions of the firm of which he was the head. We learn from his statements that at that time he owned twenty-two large first-class ships; and that he had, as an underwriter, in his individual capacity, during the past year, insured risks to the amount of £2,800,000. And that the firm of W. S. Lindsay and Co., of Austin Friars, ship and insurance brokers, had during the same year chartered 700 ships to all parts of the world; and, as contractors, had shipped 100,000 tons of coals and 150,000 tons of iron; whilst as brokers, during the famine year, their operations had extended to 1,200,000 quarters of grain.

In the election of 1859 Lindsay was returned for Sunderland, which place, let us hope, he will long continue to represent in the House of Commons; in addition to which he has been appointed a magistrate for Middlesex.

Can we now, in this hasty glance at the career of William Lindsay, realise the two extremes in the life of that extraordinary man? First, the poor orphan boy shovelling coals in the hold of the steamer crossing the Irish Channel in lieu of payment of the passage-money, and then seven weeks' weary wandering from ship to ship in the fruitless hope of being taken on board as a cabin-boy—without food, without rest—save such as could be obtained on door steps, or laying on the merchandise under the sheds by the docks. That is one extreme; now look at the other. Author, magistrate, member of Parliament, millionaire! Why it seems a fable—it seems too improbable to be true; but it is true, nevertheless. And what are the means by which these two extremes have been bridged—by which the forlorn orphan has become the man of influence and honour? It is the old watchword, "Labour." Nothing is achieved without it—everything is achieved with it. William did not inherit a business which had been the result of many years' growth; he had no fortune left him, and had not had any education upon which he might start with a fair prospect of success. It is impossible to conceive a condition in society lower down from which to start. But labour, the talisman of labour, effected the change. Heart-ache, headache, and body-ache, no doubt, were often experienced; but, for all that, on William would go. The goal he had determined upon he would attain,

or die on the road. He never entertained a thought of giving up, or failing. He made up his mind to succeed, and succeed he has in a manner which reflects the utmost honour upon his name.

And now William Lindsay furnishes to every desponding youth an extraordinary stimulus for effort and exertion. Is there any one whose eye will glance on these pages who can ever be called upon to make a start in life *lower down* than the one from which he started? And if he succeeded, surrounded by circumstances of such a discouraging character, what youth or man shall give up in despair? Talk not of *giving up*, talk not of going on, but *go on*, and success shall surely crown the effort.

## JOSEPH HUME:

SON OF A POOR FISHERMAN, POLITICAL ECONOMIST,  
AND MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

LET the reader imagine himself a few years younger, and that he is seated in the gallery of the House of Commons listening to a debate on the "Ways and Means." The speaker occupying the "car" of the House is the gifted Lord Stanley (now Earl of Derby). He is succeeded by a broad-shouldered, plain-looking man, who rises slowly, deliberately taking off his hat, which is filled with papers, and commences a speech in a strong harsh voice. It is evident he cares nothing for the construction or the delivery of his sentences, he is only anxious that the facts and figures contained in his pile of papers shall be contrasted with the brilliant statements of the speaker who has just sat down. That is Joseph Hume — a man that the country had need to remember for his untiring devotion to its interests, and whose example may well cheer and encourage the poor and the lowly in their efforts to succeed and rise in the world. He is a self-made man. A determined will has been the principal agent in enabling

him to attain his proud position amongst the foremost men of his country, who have raised her in the estimation and respect of neighbouring nations.

And who is Joseph Hume? It is true we can find his name in connection with every important political event during the last thirty or forty years, but further back we cannot go, unless we leave the senatorial halls and betake ourselves to Montrose, in Scotland, where Joseph was born. There, amongst the fishermen, we may learn something of the father of our hero, who in 1777 was the master of a small fishing vessel, in which year the future political economist was born. When very young he was taken out to sea to render service to his father in the capacity of a ship-boy. He must indeed have been very young when he entered upon this rough duty, as his father died before he had attained his tenth year. What impression was made upon his mind by Captain Hume we have no means of ascertaining. We do not know whether the captain was respected amongst his compeers as a steady and industrious man; if this was so, he died too early to make much impression upon the mind of his son. Happily for that son his mother was a true-hearted, excellent woman. Left in very humble circumstances, with a large family depending on her exertions, she manifested an amount of energy and ability which entitle her to be ranked as one of the good and excellent mothers to whom England is so

much indebted for her greatness. Her first business on the death of her husband was to open a little shop, with the hope of providing needful food for her children. But she also knew that, however necessary food is at the present, education is equally needful in the future. She knew that,—

“ Though house and land be never got,  
Learning can give what they cannot ;”

and thus determined that *her* children should have “some schooling.” When the poor widow could manage it, she sent Joseph to a school in Montrose. He no doubt was duly impressed with the fact, that attention to his studies was his only hope ; he became therefore so sedulous a student that he soon attracted the attention of the Montrose people by his activity and intelligence. He only remained at school, however, until he was thirteen, when he was placed with a surgeon of his native town, with whom he remained three years. Then, having by experience known the value of knowledge, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where his persevering industry enabled him to graduate as a member of the College of Surgeons within three years. His first engagement on leaving college was as an assistant-surgeon in one of the East India Company’s vessels ; afterwards he made a second voyage to India—this time as a properly certificated surgeon. Between the voyages, ardently anxious for all the information obtainable to

render him perfect in his profession, he attended the London hospitals, and became a member of the London College of Surgeons. Thus, before his twenty-third year, he was appointed assistant-surgeon to the Indian army. Before many men have put off their boyish habits, and thought of the future with all its earnest concerns, Joseph had not only fully equipped himself, but entered on the battle; and, as he did so, it was with no coward aim—he *determined* to succeed. In 1799 he joined the medical establishment in Bengal, where he rapidly attained a position of eminence by his industry and perseverance.

When Hume arrived in India the Mahratta war was in progress. The officers of the native regiments had contracted habits which reflected no credit upon them, and which certainly unfitted them for studying the languages of the people amongst whom they were called to live. Hume knew that if he meant to succeed, it would be by a practice directly the opposite. The first and most needful thing was temperance; he had the good sense to make it the rule and practice of his life. He knew, also, the evil results of improvidence—hence he became careful and methodical in his accounts—he knew the extent of his resources, and how he expended them. Anxious to understand the people of the country he determined to master their languages, which he was enabled to do, notwithstanding the engrossing duties of his profession. His temperance enabled him to



retain his health, amid a climate which is usually deemed so prejudicial to European constitutions ; by his method and system he commended himself to the notice of his superiors ; by his study and diligence in the acquirement of the Persic language, he then laid, all unknown to himself, the foundation of a splendid fortune. We have seen, thus far, that *chance* or *patronage* had nothing to do with the progress of Joseph Hume. So far, it has been temperance, perseverance, and hard work—qualities which will make a man in Old England as well as in India.

When Hume had been four short years in India, the only proficient interpreter, Colonel Achmuty, became, through illness, unable to perform the duties of the office. In the emergency Hume volunteered his services, which, upon trial, were found so proficient, that he received the appointment of interpreter of that division of the army to which he was attached. And then his services as surgeon had been found so efficient, that he was elected as the chief medical officer of the staff. These two offices entailed an immense amount of labour—under the great heat of the climate, more than one man could sustain—it would so have been considered. But Joseph Hume did not think even these labours sufficient. He became paymaster and postmaster also ; all of which duties he performed faithfully and efficiently. And when difficulties arose in regard to the supplies of the army, he undertook to furnish the needed commodities, which

he did with satisfaction to the commanders, and with great pecuniary profit to himself. His profits were so great that in 1808 he returned to England a rich man, after a residence in the east of only nine years. On his return, like most other visitors to India, he sought the air and baths of Cheltenham and Bath, to counteract any disease which he might have imbibed during his residence abroad. But, thanks to temperance and industry, he found himself in perfect health, and soon therefore became dissatisfied with the monotony of those fashionable towns. As he had previously determined to enter Parliament, he deemed it advisable to perfect himself for the duties of the House by travel, and by the augmenting of his general knowledge. The next four years he devoted to travelling through Spain, Portugal, Sicily, Sardinia, Turkey, Egypt, Greece, Malta, and the Ionian Islands. He arrived in Portugal soon after the army of Wellington had driven the French beyond its frontier. He had not intended remaining in Portugal more than a few days, but the glory of the British arms overcame his intention, and induced him to visit all the spots which had been made famous by the prowess and bravery of British soldiers. On his return from this interesting tour, he sought to fulfil his original intention of obtaining a seat in the House of Commons. A vacancy had occurred in the representation of Weymouth by the death of Sir John Johnstone, and Mr. Hume was selected to fill his place. He

continued to represent Weymouth until the dissolution of Parliament, which was in six months after his entrance. But limited as the period was, Mr. Hume made himself known, and had become a power in the House. The first speech he made in Parliament was in favour of education. He gave it as his opinion that education was the moral preservative against crime; and sustained this opinion by a reference to the fact, that "the commitments and executions in England and Scotland, respectively, are in inverse proportion to their educational condition." In the last month of the session Mr. Hume opposed a bill, which, if it had been carried, would have put an end to the Nottingham hosiery trade. At the time, he sat with the ministry who had brought in the bill; he communicated, however, his distrust of the measure to those who sat with him, who did not satisfy his scruples, but expressed astonishment that he could think of opposing a ministerial measure. What was that to him? The question for him to consider was—is it right the bill should pass?—is it a just bill? The *party* by whom the bill was brought in was altogether another question. Greatly astonished was that party when, upon the third reading, Joseph Hume got up to oppose it. It was quite useless to tell him there was no precedent for such a course—there ought to have been a precedent, the want should remain no longer—he would create one. His opposition was unavailing in

the Commons, but the Lords rejected the measure. No doubt Hume materially contributed to this result. His speech on the third reading of the bill was printed and circulated by the Nottingham and Leicester manufacturers, while public meetings were held to thank him for his zeal on behalf of their interests. No doubt his independence, and the habit which he had contracted of thinking for himself, lost him his seat for Weymouth; for at the next election his services were declined.

In Parliament or out of Parliament he must be at work—that was a law which had become part of his nature. His next field of labour was the East India House, and his first work there was to oppose the grant of £20,000 to Lord Melville, for services rendered by his father! One of the East Indian proprietors, of the name of Burnley, was so impressed with the zeal and intelligence of Hume that he invited him to his house, and ultimately gave him his daughter in marriage—a union which resulted in much happiness. A most united and happy family of three sons and four daughters was the fruit of the marriage. For the next six years Mr. Hume devoted himself to the promotion of popular education, the establishment of savings' banks, and especially to the formation of schools upon the Lancasterian plan.

In 1818 he was returned by the Aberdeen district of royal burghs to the new Parliament. These burghs included Montrose—the place of his birth, which he

had quitted only twenty years before without influence, without money—with nothing, in fact, but determination and a good constitution. It would have rejoiced the heart of the poor widow, his mother, to have seen that day all the result of her self-denial in sending her son to school.

In this sketch of the life of Joseph Hume, it is not intended to notice particularly his political course of action in the British Parliament; and yet without some general reference it is impossible for the reader to form a true estimate of his character. He was, then, an economist, in the true sense. All through his long life he was concerned specially with the expenditure of the public funds. He knew the difficulties under which the people laboured to pay the taxes; he made it the business of his life therefore, as far as he possessed the power, to prevent their wasteful expenditure. And if he was not at all times successful, he had the satisfaction of knowing that “he did what he could.” One or two references will possess the reader with the mode in which Hume sought to attain his object. On the 22nd of February Lord Castlereagh proposed a grant of £10,000 a-year to the Duke of York as *custos* of the afflicted king. This Hume opposed; he would never sit quietly down without protesting against such a measure. And on the 8th of June, in order to reduce the burden of taxation, he suggested that the Civil List of £1,200,000, should be reduced to £900,000; and

as a further means of reducing taxation, that the utmost economy should be observed in relation to the army, which had consumed upon it large sums of public money, in gorgeous trappings and useless gold lace.

On the 27th of February, 1822, the ministers imagined that they had discovered considerable discrepancy in the estimates and statements of Hume, but which was found to have no other grounds than that of their own imagination. Brougham said, on that occasion, "He would continue to Mr. Hume his full reliance, because he had never yet found him fail in what he had undertaken to establish; and because on this occasion, when his accuracy was especially impeached, he had signally triumphed. He hoped he would go on with the same persevering zeal for the public good, careless of the taunts of those who profited by abuses, forgetful of the neglect shown to his labours by the gentlemen opposite, thinking only of his country, dreaming only of his duty, and, great as his services were to that country, still laying up additional claims to gratitude."

Another member said: "He recollected when Mr. Hume first began that course of conduct which he had pursued with so much success, every possible attempt, short of absolute insult, was made to deter him from proceeding. Sarcasm and imputation of every sort were directed against him. Before the end of the session, however, those very individuals

who had treated him in this manner came to him, cap in hand, and offered every assistance in furtherance of his designs."

In 1830 the electors of Middlesex returned Hume to Parliament as their representative—an honour which they re-conferred upon him in the following year; but in 1826 they rejected him, and elected in his place a Colonel Wood, who, up to that period, was unknown. The instant that his rejection became known the inhabitants of Kilkenny triumphantly returned him as their member, when he resumed his work in Parliament with his accustomed ardour. In the election of 1841 he was invited to stand for Lecds, but, strange to say, a young nobleman, totally unknown in the political world, was preferred before him, so that he was left without a seat in the new Parliament. At the election however, which shortly followed, he was returned for his native place, which he represented to the time of his death.

Of course, Joseph Hume, with all his labour for the good of his country, did not pass through his long useful life without meeting with much opposition. Had he have done so, he would have furnished the one single exception to universal experience. He, however, met with probably more than his share of virulent personality—no inuendo or slander was deemed unfitting to be applied to him. But what did that matter? Let men disgrace themselves if they so pleased; but clearly his course was to do

his duty ; glad of the smile of a friend, but fearless of the frown of a foe.

Of one thing we may be quite sure—no man ever worked harder than Joseph Hume. In addition to the establishment, which he found it needful to keep in constant activity, in which he had a set of clerks, equalling the servants of a considerable merchant, his own personal labours were enormous. His habits for thirty years were most unvarying. “Up in the morning early,” was a necessity of his nature, as much as it was needful for the work he set himself to do. After breakfast he would be employed, up to the time of going to the House of Commons, in writing letters, or in arranging his papers and making his minute calculations. This labour would frequently be disturbed by deputations and business people, who were anxious to consult the great economist. Frequently, it is said, twenty such parties have waited his appearance from his bed-room in the morning. When the House met, Joseph Hume would certainly be among the earliest members ; and this would be the case notwithstanding he might have passed the greater part of the day in one of the committee rooms. If the House sat, as it sometimes did sit, until three o’clock in the morning, he would be sure to be among the remaining members. Protracted as the hour might be, he would quietly let himself into his home, and sit down to his desk, not rising until he had finished a tray full of letters, to be



posted early in the morning. This was the course and work of every day.

It is evident, then, that labour was the great secret of Joseph Hume's success. Labour, as we have seen, of a most extraordinary kind. Indeed, men that have been celebrated for the amount of work they could accomplish, have felt quite ashamed in the presence of his efforts. While they, in the prosecution of any labour, have felt their energies relax, demanding cessation and rest ; he, on the contrary, has seemed as fresh as if the work was only just commencing. There is one notable fact on record very confirmatory of his watchfulness : it is said that he never was detected asleep in the House of Commons but once—a circumstance so extraordinary as to excite the attention of Sir Robert Peel, who was speaking at the time. Joseph opened his eyes on the instant, saying, " How can I possibly help it, if you will spin out such an argument for a couple of hours ? "

No doubt intense labour and protracted watchfulness can be borne by no constitution with impunity ; and this Hume found out to his cost. Scarcely a parliamentary session closed without his being laid up for one or two weeks. This would have happened more frequently, only that he exercised care and watchfulness over his general health. Fortunately for himself and his country, his habits were simple and temperate. Indeed, so little did he think of his

meals, that the hour would have frequently passed unless he had been reminded of them, so completely absorbed was he in the work in which he was engaged.

There is an anecdote related of his self-possession and fearlessness, which is very characteristic of the man. He was, at the time of the incident, on board a small packet off the coast of Scotland, when the weather became very boisterous; the captain was either frightened, or was incompetent for his position. In the dilemma, which promised only death to the passengers, Hume demanded to see the charts, which were freely given up to him, as well as the entire command of the vessel. He soon ascertained that the course of the vessel was wrong, and immediately changed it. No doubt he thus saved his own life and those of all on board. When the danger was over he went quietly into the cabin, got some paste, and repaired the charts which had been much torn and abused.

Mr. Hume's health began to break soon after the session of 1854: he died at Burnley Hall, his seat in Norfolk, on the 20th of February, 1855. At the time of his death he was a magistrate for Norfolk, Westminster, and Middlesex, and a deputy-lieutenant for the latter county.

As a proof of the general esteem in which he was held in the House of Commons, speakers belonging to all parties, took the opportunity presented by his

death, to pay a just tribute of respect to his memory—a tribute in which the reader will surely join on reading the story of his life. It is to such men that England owes her greatness, more than to her material wealth or geographical position; and while she numbers amongst her sons men like Joseph Hume, labouring earnestly and laboriously in her interest, without fee or money reward, she must be, as ever, great among the nations.

## WILLIAM DARGAN:

FARMER'S BOY, RAILWAY CONTRACTOR, AND FOUN-  
DER OF THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

IN the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three, Dublin was the centre of attraction, not only for the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, but for the residents of the most distant countries. The object of such unusual interest was a marvellous palace that had been erected in Merrion Square: in every respect a worthy successor of the "World's Fair," held in Hyde Park. It was a glorious sight on a fine sunny afternoon. Then the world of rank and fashion, of which Dublin so proudly boasts, mingled with the visitors. Melodious sounds from the magnificent organ peeled through the lofty arches; while all around were placed the most beautiful objects of art tastefully blended, suggesting incantation as the medium of its production rather than that which it really was—the slow outgrowth of labour, the product of matured thought, and the development of human intellect.

In some things the Dublin Exhibition could not be compared to the Hyde Park Exhibition; in one

particular it was its superior. The latter exhibition was the work of the nation—the former the conception and the work of man. Prince Albert, the Lords and Commons, magistrates, and other official magnates, had called to their councils the wise men of all the earth to aid them in the erection of the Crystal Palace, and in the completion of their design. That which they so efficiently effected in their collective capacity for England, William Dargan, almost alone, completed for Ireland — a work, the magnitude of which his countrymen are not likely soon to forget.

But who is William Dargan? He was born on the 28th of February, 1799, of humble parents, in the county of Carlow, Ireland. In him we have another instance of a man rising to wealth and distinction from comparative privation and obscurity. His father, fortunately, sent him to a good school, where no doubt he eagerly embraced the opportunity thus presented to cultivate his mental powers. After leaving school he was placed in a surveyor's office, where he was instructed in the rudiments of that profession of which he subsequently became so great an ornament. This was his only fortune. While yet a youth, with this training, and an unimpeachable character, he crossed the Channel in the hope of improving his fortune in England. He was first employed under the great Telford, the constructor for the Menai Bridge, and many other wonderful and durable works throughout the kingdom. His

first employment was on the Holyhead Road, where he attracted attention by his aptness and ability. When that work was finished, he returned to Ireland, where he was fortunately engaged upon several small undertakings, which enabled him to enter upon more important contracts. These small beginnings led him on to his first great work—great in comparison to anything upon which he had as yet been engaged—the contract for the Howth Road. This was finished to the satisfaction of all concerned. Then the first railway in Ireland was to be constructed. Dargan during the Howth contract had won for himself the friendship and esteem of those who could assist him; and when the railway was decided upon, they pointed him out as the right man to bring the work to a successful issue. To Dargan, therefore, was the important contract committed. The confidence thus centred in him was not abused: his promises were faithfully kept. No doubt at the time when the Kingstown and Dublin Railway was constructed many formidable difficulties presented themselves; they were, however, overcome in a most brilliant manner, the railway to this day remaining a model of engineering skill and enterprise. During its formation Dargan introduced a new order of treatment in relation to his workmen. His plan was prompt payment and liberal wages, a course which secured him the willing services of the best obtainable workmen. While other contractors in various

parts of the kingdom have been subjected to the annoyance of "strikes," with the exception of small *émeutes*, scarcely to be taken into consideration, Dargan has ever worked with his men peacefully and cheerfully. In this way, while benefitting the country with the works upon which they were employed, a large amount of benefit has resulted to the labourers themselves in the humane and Christian treatment experienced at the hands of their master.

The next work undertaken by Dargan was the formation of the Ulster Canal. This important contract, owing to his admirable arrangements, was completed within the specified time in a manner that materially added to his growing reputation. The formation of the Ulster, the Dublin and Drogheda, the Great Southern and Western, and the Midland Great Western Railways, followed in rapid succession. These various works extended to nearly one thousand miles ; while his completed canals, embankments, tunnels, &c., amount to more than a hundred miles ! One of the secrets of Mr. Dargan's success is found in the admirable discrimination of character with which he is gifted, and by which he is enabled almost unerringly to select suitable persons to fill his various offices of trust. The greatest amount of order being observed, as regarded both work to be accomplished, and a systematic disposal of time, he has thus been enabled to complete his gigantic undertakings, not only with great profit to himself, but

to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. In addition to the absorbing character of these works, Mr. Dargan became a steamboat proprietor, a flax-grower, and farmer—each interest sufficient to absorb the time and energy of an ordinary man\*—but Mr. Dargan *is not* an ordinary man, and, therefore, they were to him merely amusement for his lighter hours. Be this as it may, it is an illustration of the old saying—"The more a man has to do, the more he can do."

But the great work, the work that redounds most to his honour and credit, is the Dublin Exhibition of 1853. That vast undertaking was mainly carried to its successful issue in consequence of the unbounded confidence reposed in Mr. Dargan. His name was indeed a tower of strength. It was a guarantee that every promise made in connection with the building would be completed; the result showed that the confidence was not misplaced. Treasures of Art were sent from all parts of the world, many of them never having been previously out of their owners' possession. The Queen and Prince Albert were munificent contributors, as well as the Emperor of the French, the King of the Belgians, the King of Holland, and the King of Prussia.

Marvellous as these works undoubtedly were, they were not so pregnant with interest as the building in which they were gathered, or as the man who originated the building. Mr. Dargan, at the opening of the



Cork Industrial Exhibition in 1852, conceived the bold plan of erecting a building and carrying out the details of an Exhibition in Dublin at his own sole expense. His estimate in the first instance, was £10,000, this was increased to £20,000, which sum he placed in the hands of a committee, empowering them to defray all the expenses of the Exhibition, upon the one sole condition, that no begging-box should be sent round for contributions. Any sums further required he undertook to advance as the great undertaking proceeded; and before the Exhibition was opened in May, 1853, Mr. Dargan had advanced nearly one hundred thousand pounds! Many persons were desirous to assist the project with money, but its liberal projector determined to run all risks himself. The Exhibition was a great success, but notwithstanding, Dargan was a loser when it finally closed, of £18,980 18s. 3d.

Although his fellow citizens had been precluded from incurring any pecuniary risks in the splendid "exposition" which had drawn tens of thousands of visitors to Ireland, they determined not to allow the occasion to pass without recording their high appreciation of its founder. To this end a requisition for a public meeting on the subject was headed by the Duke of Leinster, forty peers, six prelates of the Established Church, fifteen Roman Catholic bishops, forty-nine Members of Parliament, and a host of the professional mercantile, and trading classes. The

result of the meeting, which was held in the Rotunda, the greatest room in Ireland, was the proposition of a National Gallery of Art, in Dublin, with which the name and great public services of Mr. Dargan should be permanently connected. That "Irish Institution" is, at the time we write, nearly completed. It is appropriately erected on a portion of the ground occupied by the Exhibition building.

The Queen and Prince Albert, ever alive to individual worth, to self-sacrifice, and efforts of philanthropy, were anxious to mark their estimate of Mr. Dargan's noble efforts on the part of his country. During their visit to the Exhibition they embraced the opportunity of paying him a visit at his private residence. This was a signal mark of royal favour; it was, however, well deserved. Mr. Dargan, in the course of conversation with his friends, had expressed a desire to possess the busts of the Queen and the Prince; this coming to the ear of her Majesty, she immediately intimated her pleasure in presenting him with the busts of herself and royal consort; and, as a further gratifying consideration, requested him to nominate an Irish sculptor to execute the royal commission. An offer of knighthood made him by her Majesty at the opening of the Exhibition, he respectfully declined—he did not think that a title could add to his means of usefulness, or that it was a distinction which would improve him in public estimation. This was the one act which has earned for

him, for all time, the character of a true *nobleman*. In declining knightly distinction, usually so ardently desired, he proved that his work had been altogether unselfish and patriotic. He was anxious that his countrymen, by the exhibition of their industrial products, should enter into a friendly competition with the producers of other countries; the permanent advantages of which would almost be incalculable. In successfully achieving that object, Mr. Dargan had his reward. The smile of his Queen, the approbation of his countrymen, would doubtless be a source of unalloyed pleasure. But the work had not been undertaken with that object. It was in the higher appreciation of the industrial productions of his countrymen, and in the opening of fresh sources of employment, in which he sought his reward. And surely he will not have laboured in vain!

The honours and distinctions so profusely paid to Mr. Dargan have not vitiated his character. He still preserves that simple, unaffected manner which endears him to all with whom he comes in contact. He has two designations of which he may well be proud—"the workman's friend," and "the man with his hand in his pocket." The former he well merits by his just and wise dealings with the thousands of artizans who have been in his employ; the latter designation originated in the statue of Dargan, designed by Jones, in which he is represented with his hand in his pocket—an indication that he is always

ready to spend his money freely when the good of his country is likely to be the result. If Ireland had possessed a dozen men with the spirit and enterprise which are so characteristic of Dargan, tens of thousands of Irishmen who have sought foreign lands for the means of subsistence would now be usefully and honourably employed in their own much cherished and loved isle. Let us hope that the time will yet come, when its people, instead of joining in the devastating exodus going on from year to year, will be employed in developing its wonderful resources, which ought to make it one of the wealthiest and happiest countries in the world.

All honour, then, to the name of William Dargan. May the incidents of his life not only find a lodgment in our memories, but may we, by embracing every opportunity, imitate him in his life of usefulness; not anxious for show, glare, or glitter, but envious of opportunities of personal service, and desirous of rendering the intercourse with our fellow-creatures the source of much wisdom, and the medium of their present and permanent happiness.

## ABEL HEYWOOD :

WAREHOUSE BOY, THE GREAT NEWS-AGENT, AND  
ALDERMAN.

THE printing machine is one of the greatest of modern wonders—great in its intricate adaptation of parts, and in its influence upon social, intellectual, and spiritual life. Day after day, the year round, it throws off, with wondrous velocity, myriads of sheets impressed with thoughts that will influence ages yet unborn. Books, pamphlets, and newspapers, in untold numbers, are thus almost literally strewn, broadcast over the earth. And now, not only may they read who run, but they that run may possess the books they read. A collection of books, in the middle ages deemed the most valuable of earthly possessions, is now within the reach of every working man. “Thoughts that breathe and words that burn” may companion the poorest at their daily toil. Mean as the employment may be, poets and philosophers will not refuse to hold communion with them, or to make a paradise of their minds, converting their hearts into chambers where peace and quiet have taken up their abode.

It is through the medium of the printing-machine, also, that the thoughts of the wise and good in our own day become universally diffused. However important a knowledge of ancient history may be deemed, a knowledge of the present, which is the history of our own time, is not less important. If it is interesting to know what Rome *was* in the days of Augustus, is it not equally so to know what Rome *is* in 1860? The events which are transpiring day by day form a prolific theme for the future historian, which are recorded in the daily newspaper—accessible now to the poor as to the rich. A very brief period has elapsed since duties, stamps, bonds, and most galling exactions were the only conditions upon which a newspaper was suffered to exist. A few years ago a newspaper, small in size and meagre in character, surrounded with lets and hindrances, was sold for sevenpence; now, when the duties, bonds, and penalties have been removed, newspapers four times the size, and conducted with great ability, are sold for one penny. But that boon was not obtained without “fine and imprisonment.” Ignorance and interest long stood in the way. A deviation from the prescribed path was followed by a Government prosecution; the result was months of wearisome lingering in prison. It required nerve, resolution, and a great consciousness of duty to incur these risks. If they had not been incurred, however, we might still be under the shadow of the weekly sevenpenny paper,

instead of having our daily broad-sheets at a seventh of the price. All honour, then, to the men who fought this battle; in the foremost rank of which stood the subject of our sketch—Abel Heywood.

He was born in the year 1810, in the pretty village of Prestwich, about three miles from the City of Manchester. His father was what is called a “putter-out” for weavers. Unfortunately, he died when Abel had attained his fifth year, leaving to his wife the duty of providing for him and three other children their daily bread. This task she set herself resolutely to do, obtaining employment in knitting healds for the manufacturers. The proceeds, if it enabled her to provide her young dependants with food, was not sufficient to enable her to give them very much education: but as there was a British National School in the village, the terms of which were not high, Abel was permitted to attend. It was there he learned to read and write; but he has no recollection of learning anything of arithmetic or grammar. These studies were probably deemed useless to the simple village rustics. Heywood preserves a Bible to this day, presented to him in his seventh year at the school. In his ninth year, however, this humble scholastic training came to an end; it was at that early period that he commenced in earnest to play his part in the great battle of life. His mother had in the meantime changed her residence to Manchester, for the greater convenience of herself and children in obtaining em-

ployment, Prestwich being too small to keep the family. In his search for work, Abel had one day found out that a boy was wanted at the warehouse of Thomas Worthington, High Street; but another boy, also out of employ, had made the same discovery, and applied for the situation at the same time. A day's trial was given to both boys, which resulted in Abel's obtaining the situation. The wages were only one shilling and sixpence per week; and although he stayed with the firm until his twentieth year, his weekly wages were only sixteen shillings. In his fourteenth year he attained to an office of trust: he was appointed to superintend sixty boys who were employed in the works, making up smallwares. This was a post in which considerable firmness and activity were required. Abel succeeded by system and perseverance in reducing this comparative chaos into order. The boys were induced to work in harmony, and with such earnestness as to produce for their employer a satisfactory result.

Abel's Sundays were spent in the Sunday School. He rose, in the Old Lion's Hill school, from being a scholar to a teacher; but his ability in this direction could not have been very great, as he was subsequently only received as a scholar in Bennett Street—the great Church school of Manchester. He left that establishment under what he conceived an act of injustice. Prizes had been announced for the discovery of parallel passages in the Old and New Testaments.



Abel was quite elated at the discovery of a sentence which he was certain must obtain a prize; to his astonishment, however, another boy in a class higher in the school read out the very passage which he had with so much labour selected! When it came to his turn he could only read what had already been read. Certainly, upon no principle of justice, the prize was awarded to the first boy—his only merit over Abel being that he had the opportunity of first reading the passage. Abel could not brook this act of unfairness, and therefore left the school.

At the Lion's Hill establishment the teachers had commenced a week-night school, at which Abel attended; and when the Manchester Mechanics' Institution was opened, which was when he had attained his fifteenth year, he became an early member, remaining one almost to the present time. Arithmetic and mechanical drawing were the studies that had the chief attraction for him. All through life, indeed, his employments have been of a practical character—dreaming is a luxury in which he never indulges. In his twentieth year he lost his situation, owing to his master, in a fit of choler, ordering his discharge. The manager retained him for three months after, but he was ultimately sent away, as the master would not retract his unwisely-spoken word. Thrown on his own resources, he cast about for the means of living. He had previously observed, with much satisfaction, the first experiment in open-

ing a penny news-room in Manchester; its success determined him to open one in another locality. The speculation was successful, but it was relinquished at the end of nine months, on his being offered the agency of a paper called "The Poor Man's Guardian," in which he was employed establishing agents in the towns surrounding Manchester. He was induced, also, in the January of 1832, to open a small shop in Oldham Street for the retailing of the paper. In the March following, however, he was served with six summonses from the Excise. It was held that "The Poor Man's Guardian" was a newspaper within the meaning of the Act; to sell it without a stamp was therefore an infringement of the Excise. The magistrate, on the hearing of the case, fined Abel five pounds and four pounds costs upon each summons, making a total of fifty-four pounds; in default of which he was to be sent to prison for four months. Paying the money in his then straitened circumstances was, of course, out of the question. To prison therefore he went. The offence was one not punishable by hard labour, or, indeed, punishment of any kind, save the heavy punishment of detention. But in prison or out of prison a life of inaction to Abel was punishment enough. At his solicitation the governor of the New Bailey, Salford, where he was confined, employed him as the "putter-out" for the weavers, and other artisans, in the gaol. The greatest source of annoyance, however, during his four months' detention, was the

constant sensation of hunger. He never felt that he had had enough to eat. Once he was successful in buying two small loaves from a prisoner who was about to be discharged; the turnkeys observed the bread under his dress, and reported the circumstance to the governor. For this dereliction of duty he was confined to the day-ward. On one occasion while there, he was startled by the horrid cry of "murder" from the bail-yard, uttered in truly piteous and heart-rending tones. For some act of insubordination the breakfasts of the prisoners confined there had been stopped. This to them, in their half-starved condition, was an almost insupportable punishment. They had actually drawn lots for one of their number to be killed and eaten by the rest! The unfortunate man upon whom the lot fell did not seem resigned to his fate. After howling sufficiently to alarm the whole prison he was assisted over the wall which divides the wards, with the intention of informing the governor. He told one of the turnkeys whom he met that his comrades intended to kill and eat him. Threatenings or entreaties were of no avail—he would not go back. At last he was forced to the door, which, when suddenly thrown open, disclosed the rest of the prisoners, armed with knives and shears from the weaving sheds, ready to pounce upon him.

"Send him in," said they—"we'll kill him, and eat him too—we're starving—we're being murdered!"

When the governor was consulted, he promised the

men, if they would be quiet, that they should have, at "skilly" time, a double allowance. Peace was thus restored. The man, it was understood, was to remain uncaten by his comrades.

During Heywood's incarceration his shop had been attended by his mother and family, and the "Poor Man's Guardian" still sold, although not so publicly as previously. One of the means resorted to for its sale was to open a cellar, which was attended by a fresh salesman ever day, so that it was impossible to fix upon any one the charge of selling the paper. When Heywood was released from gaol he still continued its sale, for which he was, in 1834, subjected to a second prosecution. This time he did not go to prison, but paid the fine, which, with the costs, amounted to £18. In 1836, also, he was fined and paid a second £18. It was this determined spirit, which so generally possessed the working classes, which ultimately resulted in the abolition of the galling newspaper stamp. From the risks and results of the contest, Heywood was not the man to flinch. The Government, however, grew tired of prosecutions, and sought to stay the sale of unstamped papers by seizing them in their transit. In this they were partially defeated. The papers were sent from London embedded in goods belonging to various tradesmen. One week the "Guardians" would arrive in a skip of shoes directed to "Geo. Thompson, Shoemaker;" another week a grocer would be honoured with the

parcel in a tea chest. Very frequently, however, the police succeeded in entrapping the hated papers. In 1837 the Government wisely reduced the stamp upon newspapers from fourpence to a penny. From that time there was no further attempt to publish an unstamped newspaper.

Many parties, strange to say, found themselves aggrieved by the bold stand which had been made by the humble shopkeeper; they were determined, it would seem, to lose no opportunity to crush him. This opportunity, it was thought, had presented itself when Heywood, in the usual course of his business, sold a penny pamphlet, purporting to be a Letter to the Bishop of Exeter, written by one Junius Haslem. It was held that the pamphlet contained an irreverent sentence, to issue which was a punishable offence. Having a vivid recollection of his previous four months' incarceration, in which he suffered so severely the pangs of hunger, he was determined that if he must go to prison again he would not go alone. He therefore caused copies of the works of a popular poet to be purchased from the four principal booksellers in Manchester, which contained passages more impious than that which, in his instance, were complained of. The grand jury, to whom the matter was submitted, were of the same opinion. What was to be done? If Heywood was sent to prison for two years, the same penalty must be awarded to the other booksellers—a result by no means desired. Finally, on

the part of Government, it was agreed that if Heywood would plead guilty, he should not be called up for judgment. This course was very likely dictated by the fact that Heywood was found to have the sympathy of many influential men. Sir Charles Shaw, Sir Thomas Potter, Joseph Brotherton, M.P., and Mark Phillips, M.P., all exerted themselves in his behalf. The Bishop of Exeter, in his place in the House of Lords, asked why the Government had relinquished the prosecution. The Marquis of Normanby, the then Secretary of State for the Home Department, who replied to the prelate, might with truth have said, that "its commencement had been a blunder, and its ending a compromise." The "Manchester Courier," in a dastardly spirit, actually accused Heywood of being a Government spy! A threatened prosecution quickly induced the proprietor of that paper to withdraw the mean insinuation.

The year 1842 was the year of the Manchester riots. For the protection of property, cannon was placed at the end of the streets, and the military were under arms night and day. During those days of trouble Heywood was instrumental in considerably allaying the general irritation. When his shop was entered by a band of ruffians, he boldly followed them to witness their heartless destruction of property, at the same time appealing to the people in the streets to stay the infamous proceedings. In Thomas Street, in the city, he obtained the assistance of a working

man, when he courageously arrested one of the mob ; he then procured the assistance of the police, headed by Mr. Beswick, the superintendent, when he was enabled to track the footsteps of five of the shop-breakers, and arrest them in the act of dividing the spoil. On the day of their examination before the magistrates, and before the commencement of the proceedings, he was appealed to in court by the wives of three of the prisoners, not to appear against their husbands. Bold as he had shown himself on the day when he had arrested the men, he now found himself utterly unable to resist the heart appeals of the poor women. He left the court. Threatenings or cajolings could not then induce him to re-enter it. This sympathy, so far as the prisoners were concerned, was of no avail. Another witness attested the facts, and the men, on the day of trial, were all transported for life.

During the riots of 1849, the mayor convened a meeting of the town council (of which Heywood was then a member), and of the magistrates, to devise some means to secure the public peace in the emergency. After various plans had been suggested and discussed, Abel was appealed to for his advice. The course he recommended was to repose confidence in the working classes ; to issue an address calling upon them to maintain order, which was as much for their interest as it was for the middle or upper classes. The advice was happily taken. The address was

issued, and produced an immediate reaction—quiet being shortly restored. The mayor subsequently received the honour of knighthood for the act prompted and suggested by Abel Heywood.

Prior to this time—within six months of his leaving prison—he entered into the marriage state, realising all through life as the result, that “he that marries does well;” his wife proving, in every sense of the word, a true helpmate. He mainly attributes, indeed, his prosperity to her advice and assistance. Combining great aptness for business, with wonderful shrewdness and penetration of individual character, she was an invaluable associate in the more stormy period of Heywood’s career, many times being called upon to exercise her strong common sense in cases of emergency. On one occasion, when Heywood was out of town, in 1839, during the period of the Newport riots, now so famous in connection with the names of Frost, Williams, and Jones, she was aroused in the middle of the night by a loud knocking at the door. On throwing up the window a man was observed opposite the house, who told her he had been deputed to assist Mr. Heywood in the general rising of the working classes which was about to take place. She assured him that he and his friends were under a mistake; that the working people were about to do no such foolish thing, and certainly that her husband would assist neither him nor them in such a scheme. The man seemed incredulous that Hey-



wood was not at home and ready to embark in the, as he believed, national uprising. He was satisfied, however, and went his way, when the opportunity was offered him to search the house. Doubtless there was, at the time, a deep-laid plot for a general disturbance. The want of success at Newport probably caused its abandonment. The working classes, up to the year 1842, had been the dupes of many Utopian schemes. He that bid the highest, and whose plan was the wildest, had the greatest number of followers.

In 1838, the newspaper called the "Northern Star" was commenced by Feargus O'Connor. For four years its prosperity was unexampled; its editor and proprietor being in the meantime almost worshipped. The paper reached a sale of 42,000 copies weekly! A very great sale now, for a penny paper during prosperous times; what must it have been then, when the "Star" sold for fourpence halfpenny, and tens of thousands of working people were out of employ? Heywood had 1200 subscribers for the paper, who all came to his shop for their copies on the Saturday. Altogether, he sold to the trade and public 18,000 "Stars" weekly.

In 1834, Heywood made a stand against what would now be viewed as a very exorbitant tax—the two-shilling duty upon Almanacks. Fearless of consequences, he sold them minus the stamp; when the Government, without instituting any prosecution against him, remitted the obnoxious and absurd duty.

The progress made by Mr. Heywood in the sale of periodicals, from the time of opening his small shop for the convenience of selling "The Poor Man's Guardian," is certainly astonishing. Ten years ago—and ten years has effected a wonderful change in cheap literature—he sold weekly about 6000 periodicals, which are well described by the epithet romantic, in which blood and murder, highwaymen and robbers, fill the pages in most diseased and unprofitable confusion. At that period, however, his sale of more healthy periodicals was also considerable. He sold of the "Illustrated Family Journal," 700; "London Journal," 9000; "Family Herald," 8000; "Home Circle," 1000; "Home Journal," 1000; "Domestic Journal," 600; "Eliza Cook's Journal," 1250; "Chambers's Journal," 900; "Chambers's Information for the People," 1200; "People's Journal," 400; "Punch," 1200; and of the "Family Economist," 5000 weekly. From 1850 to 1860 the improvement in the character and circulation of periodicals has been most marked and encouraging. The "London Journal" is still at the head of the penny literature; while Cassell's cheap publications are widely circulated and deservedly esteemed. Mr. Heywood says that during the last ten years nearly the whole of the trashy "blood and murder" serials have disappeared, a more healthy and invigorating class having taken their place.

In 1847, in addition to his bookselling business, Mr. Heywood joined some practical paper-stainers. At that time the manufacture of paper-hangings was comparatively in its infancy. In 1851, only four years after the formation of the firm, they were awarded a medal by the Commissioners of the Great Industrial Exhibition in Hyde Park, for their improvements. During the thirteen years the firm has been in existence, their trade has become enormous. The extent of their business may be estimated from the fact that the firm paid in duty upon paper, in the year 1859, more than twenty thousand pounds! and that they annually manufacture three millions of pieces of paper-hangings! In addition to the works for paper-staining, they have their own mill for paper-making, in which two machines are constantly at work, and a third is in course of construction. The house has branches in London and Glasgow, and travellers and agents in all parts of the world; their paper-hangings being as well known in the United States as they are in England.

As an instance of the confidence which his probity and integrity had inspired, Heywood was one day, in 1849, waited upon by Mr. T. B. Crompton, the paper maker, who made him an unsolicited offer of a loan of ten thousand pounds. It was respectfully and gratefully declined, his own resources being at the time amply sufficient for the development of his business.

His speculations, however, were not always successful. On one occasion he joined a weaving company, which did not succeed; upon two other occasions he endeavoured to establish a newspaper, both of which were failures.

But, active and attentive as he was to his own affairs, he was not unmindful of the duties devolving upon him as a citizen. In 1835, he became a commissioner of police; and then, upon the transferring of the powers of that body to the corporation, on the incorporation of the city, he became a member of the town-council, and in 1853 an alderman. In 1859, at the general election, he was proposed a member for the city. There were four candidates. Thomas Bazley polled, 7545, James Aspinall Turner, 7300, Abel Heywood, 5500, and the Hon. Capt. Denman, 5201. Although Heywood was not elected, his position at the close of the poll was much more honourable than those who were. They had expended a large sum of money, had employed every available coach and cab in Manchester, as well as having the services of paid clerks and servants. Heywood had no coaches nor cabs. Every one that voted for him did so freely and heartily, and manifested that freeness and heartiness by walking to the poll. The whole of his election expenses, which were chiefly hustings charges, was only £351, which was voluntarily and cheerfully subscribed by his friends.

His public services have ever been of a practical

character, chiefly affecting the welfare of the working-classes. Strikes, Benefit Societies, Building Societies, and Educational Institutions, have all commanded his sympathy and aid. And without being an orator, he possesses fair pretensions to a public speaker, so that his numerous lectures and addresses are always listened to with interest and profit.

About five years ago he became a teetotaler—of all men, said his friends, who had the least necessity for such an act. But he had wisely considered that his sons, who were growing to man's estate, and who had never tasted alcoholic liquors, would probably ask why they might not join him in his glass of pale ale at supper. If it was good for him, why should it not be good for them? To his precept he therefore added example—a course which he surely will never see reason to regret; which may cause his sons to avoid thousands of temptations, while an opposite course might have led to their destruction.

In this, the merest outline of the career of Abel Heywood, we have one more instance, to the many instances on record, of a man in a low obscure position raising himself by perseverance and industry to wealth, honour, and distinction. Long may he live to incite the aspiring youth or young man to emulate him in his simple habits, in his steady course of self-denial, in his exemplary diligence, and in his works of public service; and if they do not receive the material rewards which have crowned his exertions,

they will still have the satisfaction of knowing that they have lived in the esteem and with the respect of their friends and neighbours, and that towards all men they have been "void of offence;" more than this—they will feel that wherever duty called they were there to obey ; an exertion to be made, an object to be attained, a good to be accomplished, that they had sufficient earnestness and resolution for the needed emergency, and for every private or public duty.

## DOMINIC-FRANCOIS ARAGO:

THE GREAT FRENCH PHILOSOPHER.

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THE life of this extraordinary man partakes more of the romantic than usually marks the career of literary and scientific students. The novelist and romancist could not imagine incidents more thrilling than those in which he was actually engaged. His eventful life commenced with shipwrecks and captivity; it closed with political storms, which he had fanned into flame and nursed into life. Amid all, he maintained a wonderful buoyancy of spirit, a resolution and self-dependence which enabled him, in the midst of the utmost disquiet, to command the needed composure for sustained thought and scientific investigation.

Dominic-François Arago was born at Estagel, near Perpignan, in the year 1786. The first thing we learn from his autobiography is, that in his earliest years he objected to the course of life which his father had designed for him. His own intention was to be a soldier. But, in order that he might be so, it was necessary, if he intended obtaining a position in the French army, that he should pass with credit

through the scientific and military courses of the Ecole Polytechnique. To obtain admission to this famous establishment, the candidate must undergo a severe and scrutinising examination. To meet this, Arago at once commenced the study of Euler's "Analysis Infinitorum," Lagrange's "Theorie des Fonctions," and "Mecanique Analytique," and the "Mecanique Celeste" of Laplace. He received the approbation of Monge when he had attained the age of seventeen. He was next examined by Legendre, which Arago afterwards thus described:—*Dramatis personæ*: First, an obscure youth of seventeen: second, Legendre, one of the greatest of that galaxy of geometers who illumined scientific Europe during part of the last century and the first thirty years of the present one—Legendre, who, although somewhat abrupt in manners, was no less famous for his integrity than for his acquirements. "I entered his apartment at the moment when M. T., who had fainted under examination, was being carried out by the servants. I thought that this incident would have moved and softened M. Legendre. Nothing of the sort. 'Your name?' said he. 'Arago.' 'Then you are not a Frenchman?' 'If I had not been a Frenchman I should not have been in your presence; for I have never heard of the reception of any one into the school until he had given proof of his nationality.' 'I insist, however, that there is no Frenchman of the name of Arago.' 'And, on my part, I



insist that I am a Frenchman, and a good Frenchman, however odd my name may sound to you.' 'Be it so; let the discussion cease. Go now to the board.' I had scarcely prepared the chalk," continues Arago, "when Legendre returned to his first impression, saying to me, 'You was born in one of the departments recently annexed to France?' 'No, Monsieur, I was born in the department of the Pyrenees Orientales, at the foot of the Pyrenees.' 'Ha! why did you not tell me so at once? I see it all now. You are of Spanish extraction. Is it not so?' 'Possibly; but in my humble family no archives are preserved that might enable me to ascertain the civil condition of my ancestors; every one there is the child of his own labour. I again say that I am a Frenchman, and that ought to be enough!' The vivacity of my last reply did not strike Legendre favourably, as I had immediate occasion to know. Having prepared a problem requiring the use of double integrals, he stopped me as I proceeded, saying, 'The method you are employing was not given you by your professor; where have you found it?' 'In one of your own memoirs.' 'Why have you made choice of it now? With the hope of bribing my judgment?' 'Certainly not; I adopted it because I think it preferable to the other.' 'If you do not succeed in showing me the reason of your preference, I declare that you shall have a bad mark, at least as to character.' I then," continues Arago, "entered into explanations esta-

blishing the superiority of the method of double integrals, in every point of view, over the method taught by Lacroix. From that moment Legendre appeared satisfied and soothed. He then asked me to determine the centre of gravity of a spherical section. 'That is an easy matter,' I said. 'Well, if it seems so easy, I shall make it more complex. Suppose the density of the section not uniform, but varying according to a given function of the distance from the centre.' Happily, I got well through the solution, and from that moment I had obtained, by conquest, the goodwill of my examiner. He addressed me, as I retired, in words which, coming from him, seemed to my fellow-students a very favourable augury of my rank and promotion: 'I see you have employed your time well; go on in the same manner during your second year, and we shall part very good friends.'"

There was a bold daring manifested by Arago during this examination; but if he had been possessed of nothing but boldness, he would not have succeeded in obtaining the commendation of the great Legendre. 'May we not fairly infer that his confidence was chiefly prompted by a knowledge of his *possessing* the information demanded by his examiner? Knowledge is always power. It is the power which enables us to stand erect amongst our fellows, with the consciousness that we are able to perform our several duties, be they what they may. Why then should Arago quail before Legendre? He might, with

reason, have done so had he spent the time devoted to his preparatory studies in idleness and dissipation; but, having spent it in mastering the mathematical problems assigned him, why should he fear? The idle and mawkishly-sentimental cowards fear. But Arago was none of these. That preliminary trial of his powers was an earnest of the future man. What difficulty in the future would be capable of turning him from his path, or cause him to relinquish a purpose once formed?

After he had obtained admission into the Polytechnic School, his progress was rapid and honourable. Before his eighteenth year, by his industry and abilities he had secured the friendship of the most eminent scientific men then in Paris, and was also promoted to the responsible and coveted office of Secretary to the Observatory. This led to an acquaintance with the great Biot, with whom he was associated in a series of experiments to determine the refracting powers of the different gases. These experiments resulted in several adventures highly valuable to the purposes of science, but which were at the time fraught with considerable danger, ultimately resulting in great glory and distinction. The measurement of an arc of the meridian between the parallels of Dunkirk and Barcelona had, about the close of the last century, been determined on by France. The work was intrusted to Delambre and Mechain, who were both admirably adapted for the task. The

southern portion of the survey was intrusted to Mechain, but, from some unstated reason, his results were not satisfactory. It is said that, when he afterwards discovered the source of the error of his calculations, the knowledge so preyed upon him, that he died of a broken heart. He strongly recommended the Government not to stop at Barcelona, but to continue the work as far south as the Balearic Islands. Biot and Arago, with two Spaniards, Chaix and Rodriquez, undertook the completion of the enterprise. While the Spaniards occupied Mount Campcey, in Ivica, in 1806, Biot and Arago occupied the summit of one of the loftiest of the Catalonian Pyrenees. During the next year Biot returned to Paris with the information then obtained, Rodriquez and Arago remaining to complete the enterprise. While Arago was in Majorca, the French entered Spain. The ignorant populace then thought that the signals which had been erected by Arago were telegraphs to the hostile generals; the result was, that he had to take refuge from the popular fury in the Castle of Belver. Even there he was not safe. A priest, who certainly must have been mad, actually planned his death by poison; that design he frustrated by escaping to Algiers. He succeeded in obtaining a passage to France on board an Algerine vessel; just, however, as they arrived at the Gulf of Lyons, they were made prisoners by a Spanish corsair, and carried to Rosas. Arago was confined

first in a windmill, and then in the hulks on Palamos, where he had to endure the most protracted sufferings from hunger. A friendly Dey liberated him from his captivity, when he once more set sail for France. Strange to say, he had only just obtained a sight of his native land when a storm arose, which drove the vessel once more upon the coast of Africa. Unfortunately, in the meantime, the Dey that had befriended Arago had been beheaded ; his successor would have manifested opposite sympathies, and have immured Arago in the slave prison. Most opportunely he was hung himself, which saved the young *savant* from that miserable fate. In six months he was enabled once more to embark, when he reached the harbour of Marseilles on the 2nd of July, 1809, with all his instruments, manuscripts, and charts uninjured. Those three years of hunger, imprisonment, fatigue, and danger, had surely converted the impetuous youth into the calm, self-reliant man. His return to the French capital was hailed with delight by every philosophical society in Europe. To mark their appreciation of his labours, the members of the Academy of Sciences permitted him to take a seat amongst them at the early age of twenty-three. Soon after that time he took the management of the Observatory, and then, in 1830, he became Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy. While in that position he contributed to the volumes of the Academy a number of *éloges*, or sketches, of the characters and

labours of great men, that will ever be considered exquisite specimens of that class of composition. "Zealous defender," says Humboldt, "of the interests of reason, Arago often makes us feel how much nobility and gravity elevation of character can impress on every work of the intellect. When exposing the principles of the science, on which he threw an admirable and persuasive clearness, the style of the orator becomes yet more expressive, inasmuch as it is distinguished by additional simplicity and precision. He then reaches what Buffon has designated 'the truth of style.'"

In addition to the several biographies, Arago contributed treatises in almost every department of science, amongst which may be enumerated meteorology, astronomy, magnetism; also essays on Sir William Herschel, the Steam-engine, James Watt, etc. His lectures, recently published under the title of "Popular Lectures on Astronomy," are also truly interesting, although they lack the charm and manner which Arago imparted to them in their delivery. During the composition of these enduring monuments of his genius and industry, he was not less active in the Observatory, which was under his control. When he first became its director the astronomical instruments were not all that could be desired. Under his direction, however, a series of vast magnetic investigations were undertaken, the labour of which was enormous, and the result correspondingly important. The mere

enumeration of these labours would occupy considerable space. Humboldt said, in reference to the years 1811, 1820, and 1824, that they were the proudest of Arago's career. It is singular, however, that at the same time, our own Brewster, without hint or concert with the great French philosopher, had been experimenting in the same direction, and had, as the result, discovered the same truths and the same laws; one of which was the connection between auroras and magnetic storms; and also the diurnal magnetic variations. Another discovery of Arago's was what is called *rotatory magnetism*, which means a very curious sympathy between a rotatory disc of an unmagnetic metal rotated underneath a magnet, and the position of the magnet itself. The subject was one that long occupied the attention of learned men, Herschel and Babbage being amongst them. Faraday, the book-binder's apprentice, had the honour of giving the true solution of the phenomena. In relation to Arago's discovery of the wave theory of light, it is only just to say that in that department of science he was greatly surpassed by Sir David Brewster. Arago, in 1835, stimulated by Wheatstone's ingenious method of measuring the velocity of electricity, conceived the idea of measuring the velocity of light. He had nearly completed the needed apparatus when ill health compelled him to desist from his labours. He had the satisfaction to know MM. Foucault and Fizeau had completed what he had begun. Arago's fame,

however, does not rest in the discovery of large or fundamental laws. In these respects he cannot be compared with a Fresnel or a Faraday; “but if we estimate him,” as a recent writer has said, “by his activity, by his ingenuity and enthusiasm, by the life which his energy stirred everywhere around him, and by the importance of the theoretical consequences of his remarkable disclosures of the empirical laws of various classes of phenomena, it must be acknowledged by every impartial inquirer, that neither in previous nor in recent times has he had many equals, certainly only few superiors.”

In the revolutionary régime of 1848, after the dethronement of Louis Philippe, he became Minister of Marine and War; four years afterwards, in the October of 1852, his remarkable life came to a close. M. Barral, in his oration at the grave of the great philosopher, said: “Illustrious master, much loved master, noble citizen,—It is a duty, and at the same time a very sad honour, for me to express a sentiment which now fills every heart. Thy constant solicitude for the progress of human knowledge has always induced thee to take the young by the hand, and to inspire them with thy passion for science. On the eve of thy death the last word which thou spokest to us was, ‘Work, work diligently!’ This sublime lesson will remain engraven on the heart of every young philosopher. They will feel compelled to follow the path which thy genius had opened. In falling asleep into



immortality, thou hast desired to teach them that work is the only means of rendering service to their country and to humanity. Thanks on their behalf. Adieu, in the name of youth, in the name of its admiration of thee—of its love for thy memory. I tell it thee, and thou mayest count upon it. Adieu !”

## THE REV. THOMAS SPENCER:

### THE CELEBRATED BOY-PREACHER.

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GREAT GEORGE STREET CHAPEL, Liverpool, is the scene of the labours of the Rev. Thomas Raffles, where he has officiated for forty-four years. In the entrance to that beautiful building there is a tablet erected to the memory of his predecessor, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, who died, while bathing, in his twenty-first year, who was a young man of singular promise, and at that early age, of considerable attainments. He furnishes in his brief career an admirable illustration that obscurity of birth or station presents no insurmountable barrier to the progress of real excellence.

He was born at Hertford, in the January of 1791. His parents were humble in their circumstances, but respected and esteemed by a large circle of friends. Thomas, speaking of his early years, said: "As far back as I can recollect, my memory was complimented by many as being very retentive, and my progress in knowledge was more considerable than that of my school-fellows; a natural curiosity and desire of knowledge, I think I may say without vanity, distinguished even the period of my infancy. I now remember

questions that I asked when about four years old, which were rather singular, and which were confined chiefly to biblical subjects. No child could be more attached to places of worship, or could be more inquisitive about their concerns than myself, and, I may add, more given to imitate the actions of the minister and clerk." In his fifth year he was deprived, by death, of his mother. Young as he was he felt the severe loss, and afterwards recorded the impression that the mournful incident made upon his mind. "When the funeral sermon was preached, I could not help noticing the grief which seemed to pervade every person present. Deeply affected myself, I recollect that, after the service, as I was walking about our little garden with my disconsolate father, I said to him, 'Father, what is the reason that so many people cried at the meeting this afternoon?' He, adapting his language to my comprehension, said, 'They cried to see little children like you without a mother.'"

From this time he applied himself with diligence and delight to the business of his school, gaining not only the first place and highest honours, but also the character, from his teachers, of "a good boy." Whilst at school he became passionately fond of novels, histories, adventures, &c., which he read with great eagerness. His greatest happiness, indeed, was to be alone with one of his favourite books.

At this early period the bias of his mind began to be disclosed. While others amused themselves with

the games usual to childhood, he exercised himself in addressing imaginary congregations or little assemblages of his companions. The composition of these infantile sermons was entirely his own, or composed from hints received from what he had heard or read. Very soon his infant talents became the theme of conversation outside of his father's house. Many were anxious to listen to the "*parson in embryo*," as he was called. In addition to his preaching exercises, he employed himself in the composition of poetry; but neither then nor subsequently did he attain to any considerable merit in wooing the muses. Small as his efforts were, however, they served to bring him under the notice of some individuals of wealth and consequence, from whom it was expected that he would derive solid aid and assistance in his ultimate objects. This anticipation was not realized; he had, therefore, to depend upon his own resources—to apply himself with diligence to the acquisition of knowledge. He was, however, indebted to the Rev. E. White, the Independent minister of Hertford, for some instructions in Latin. His father, also, although in very poor circumstances, contrived to send him to the best school which the town afforded. Very soon afterwards he was compelled not only to employ him at home between the school hours, but to withdraw him altogether, so that he might have the entire benefit of his labours. This arrangement was the source of the keenest

disappointment to Thomas. Of course he bowed to the duty which was imposed upon him by his parent; but when the prescribed task was fulfilled, he leaped with joy to solitude and his books. "With the greatest grief," he wrote, "I left school at thirteen years of age, and was employed at some of the worst branches of my father's business. I endeavoured to resign myself as much as possible to my circumstances, and *twisted worsted* every day with a heavy heart." He continued labouring at his father's trade for about a year and a half, with the hope that some circumstance would arise that would permit him to resume his more congenial studies. He did not forget, however, to use every means of self-improvement. In the meantime his father's business became depressed; and it then became a matter of consideration what should be his future employment. An advertisement on the cover of a magazine gave promise of a desirable situation. Thereupon father and son started for London; had an interview with the advertiser, but found insuperable difficulties in the way, and so returned as they went. A few weeks after, Mr. Spencer was induced to place Thomas with Messrs. Winwood and Thodey, glovers, in the Poultry. The employment, so far removed from the tranquil quiet of his studies, he performed to the best of his ability. His modest behaviour and engaging appearance soon won for him the respect and esteem of the family amongst whom he was placed. They gave

him tokens of their friendship, of which he ever afterwards cherished a lively remembrance. Speaking of that time he said, "At this place my time was entirely employed, as it was fit it should be, in executing the will of my two masters; for the young man, who was active and friendly, I formed a great attachment, and was, indeed, interested in the welfare of the whole family. Marks of respect were shown me which, I believe, were unusual to my predecessors. I made myself generally tolerably comfortable; some difficulties and disagreeable circumstances of course fell to my lot, yet upon the whole I had many enjoyments. My acquaintance whilst here increased: with several young men, who, indeed, were rather above my station in life, I was particularly intimate, and more than twice or thrice did I give an exhortation at the house of a relative of the young man who was my fellow-servant." After a residence of four months with his employers, circumstances occurred which rendered his services no longer needed, and he therefore returned to his parents at Hertford. Prior to his leaving London, however, he had been introduced to Thomas Wilson, Esq., the treasurer of the Academy for Educating Young Men for the Ministry, at Hoxton. On the change in his affairs he sent for him, and introduced him to the Rev. William Hordle, of Harwich, who had the care of young men who were too young or too poor to enter the Academy. Mr. Wilson finally

decided to send Thomas to this gentleman for a trial of his abilities. After spending a little time at home, he entered Mr. Hordle's family in the January of 1806; he was then only just completing his fifteenth year. In his new position his diligence was exemplary. A course of reading marked out for him by his tutor he conscientiously and unweariedly pursued. He had already made considerable progress in Latin; and soon after his joining Mr. Hordle he commenced the study of Hebrew. His diligence and perseverance were manifested by his making an abridgment of Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon. This work he accomplished in a small pocket manual, which was almost his constant companion. His studies at this period embraced the lectures of Doddridge, the essays of Locke, and the Latin poets, with the classic authors of our own country, from which style his own compositions gradually assumed an air of elegance and ease—the family worship being conducted alternately by Mr. Hordle and Spencer.

When the year of his stay with Mr. Hordle had nearly expired, he drew up a statement of his religious experience, his theological views, and his reasons for desiring to become a minister. This paper, from a youth scarcely sixteen years of age, was read with wonder and admiration. It no doubt tended to overcome the obstacles which his youth presented to his entering the Academy. In the January following he was appointed to appear before

the constituents of the institution, to give a specimen of his talents for public speaking. On the 7th of that month he appeared at Hoxton, and underwent the examination, which he had so anxiously anticipated, with success and honour. He was at once elected a student, and became an inmate of the Academy. In a letter to Mr. Hordle he said, "Two things make this day remarkable to me; one is, that it is my birthday, as I am now sixteen years old; the other is, that I have been a fortnight in this house. On Wednesday, the 7th—that long-dreaded day—I appeared before the committee. Your imagination may represent a little boy speaking before them. I felt a good deal of timidity, and waited the event with feelings of anxiety."

In the institution both the tutors and students felt a growing interest in their new young friend. His studies had now become wider and more important, to which he applied himself with exemplary diligence. During the vacation in June he returned to his father's house in Hertford. While there he preached his first sermon in public at the small village of Collier's End, six miles from Hertford. His audience consisted of about thirty plain country people. The text which he selected for the occasion was, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Simple as his audience were, they were struck with the talent manifested by the juvenile preacher. This first sermon created a desire for a repetition of his labours.



On the morning of the next Sabbath he preached at a village called Broughin, taking as his text, "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." In the afternoon and evening he again preached at Collier's End. The subject in the afternoon was, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" and, in the evening, "They are the enemies of the cross of Christ." On these occasions, so rapidly had the fame of the preacher spread, the room could scarcely contain the crowd assembled to hear the boy-preacher. On the Thursday following he preached, at a place called Brickenden, from the text, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" On the Sunday he again preached at Collier's End. In the evening the number that had assembled was so great that he was under the necessity of preaching in the open air. His text was, "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Although he was surrounded by so great a crowd he expressed himself with peculiar ease and energy. From this time until the end of the vacation he preached in various places; but whenever he preached, numbers flocked to see and hear the wonderful youth who had excited so much interest in those that had heard him. On his return to Hoxton he occasionally preached in the workhouse; and during the Christmas vacation he preached for the first time at Hertford. On that occasion, contrary to the old saying, he *had* honour in his own country. The chapel where he preached

was full : amongst the congregation Spencer could, in addition to his own friends, recognise many of the boys and townsmen with whom he had been associated. His sermons, however, long after the novelty had subsided, were equally attractive.

On his return to the Academy he found the Rev. Mr. Leifchild supplying the pulpit at Hoxton. One Sabbath afternoon at his request Spencer took part in the service by reading the Scriptures and conducting the prayers. In a letter to Dr. Raffles, Mr. Leifchild conveyed the impression which his appearance and manner produced upon the large congregation :—

“ But when he appeared in the pulpit—after the first emotions of surprise were over, and after the mistakes of some, who supposed that he was a little boy belonging to the gallery, who, from ignorance or thoughtlessness, had gone up the pulpit stairs, instead of those leading to his seat, had been corrected, so sweetly did he read the chapter—so earnestly, so scripturally, so experimentally, did he engage in prayer, that for the whole six Sabbaths afterwards he became the chief magnet of attraction to the place. The people now insisted upon it that he should preach. I need not name his subsequent success.”

When he appeared in the pulpit at Hoxton, a youth just seventeen, he was calm and collected, delivering his words and thoughts with dignified composure. The subject he selected for the interesting occasion was : “ For this shall every one that is godly pray

unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto thee." The success of this discourse spread Spencer's name far and wide. He became the subject of universal inquiry. Letters of invitation to preach came from all parts of the kingdom. But against the danger of popular applause he was happily preserved. He did not again for some time preach in London. In the September following, however, he preached at Hoxton Chapel from "He is Lord of all." From this time he began to preach in various chapels in London and its neighbourhood. On the following Christmas Day he again preached at Hoxton Chapel; and on the 29th of December, at Brighton, in the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel. On his return to the metropolis he preached at Holloway; and on the evening of the 10th of January he addressed an immense congregation in the Surrey Chapel, the minister of which was the Rev. Rowland Hill. From this time, wherever he appeared, general interest was excited; the newspapers were not chary in manifesting a proper appreciation of his powers, and he became also the one topic of general conversation. But his various labours tended to destroy his physical constitution; to recruit which he was appointed to spend some weeks at Dorking, in Surrey. On his return he supplied Jewin Street Meeting for a month;—before he left numbers could not obtain admission. But famous as he had thus become, pride or conceit formed no part

of his character. He was still the same humble and modest youth, desiring to be useful; but upon whom the public applause had no effect. On the 5th of November he was appointed to preach in the pulpit then recently occupied by the great Robert Hall, at Cambridge.

In the year 1810, Spencer was appointed to spend the vacation at Newington Chapel, Liverpool, which was destitute of a pastor, owing to the death of the Rev. David Bruce. The report of his talents had preceded him, so that considerable interest was excited by his visit. From some cause Spencer had contracted a dislike to the town, and expressed his intention to induce the committee to send some other student. The voice of duty, however, called him to Liverpool—and he obeyed. He arrived in that town on Saturday, the 30th of June, and commenced his labours the next day. His services were crowned with success; the chapel becoming, during his limited stay, crowded to excess. When he left, it was with reluctance and tears. Soon after his return to Hoxton he received from the congregation of Newington Chapel a unanimous call to become their minister. This, after seven weeks' consideration, he decided to accept. And on the 3rd of February, 1811, after taking leave of his London friends, in a series of striking discourses, he entered upon the duties of his Liverpool charge. He was then only in his twentieth year; and yet he possessed every endowment that

could endear him as a friend, and render him acceptable as a minister. It is true his knowledge of the world was limited; but he had great aptitude for study, and industry in gathering suitable material for his sermons. Very soon after entering upon the duties of his charge, the chapel became too small to accommodate the numbers assembled to hear him. The town was filled with his praise. But while he thus rose in the estimation of the public, he sank in his own esteem. Humility clothed him as with a garment.

The uncommon interest excited by Spencer's ministrations suggested the necessity of a new building. At the first it was thought that the old chapel could be enlarged; this, however, was relinquished, and a new chapel was determined upon, that would accommodate two thousand persons. Spencer laid the foundation stone in the presence of an immense assembly. On the Sabbath-day, July 28, he preached a sermon on the occasion of a collection being made for the new building, and during the following week engaged in a round of services at Prescot, where he laid the foundation stone of a new chapel, at St. Helen's, where he preached; in visiting the members of his congregation, and in writing letters to his friends. On the Sabbath following, which proved to be the last spent on earth, he rose with unusual health and spirits. In the morning he preached from—"I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with

lovingkindness have I drawn thee ;” in the evening, in the midst of a throng, such as is rarely witnessed, to which hundreds were unable to gain access, he preached from—“One thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.”

On the next morning, after breakfast, in order to strengthen his nerves for study, he went to bathe in the sea. Arrived at the spot he had selected, he asked a gentleman, who had been bathing, “if that was a good place to bathe at ?” He was answered that it was. In a few minutes after going into the water, he was observed to disappear from the surface. An alarm was given, boats were speedily at the spot, and after considerable difficulty the body was recovered—but, alas ! life was extinct. Every effort was made that experience could suggest for its resuscitation, but without success. “Thus,” as Dr. Raffles wrote, “in one sad moment, was lost to society and to the Church of Christ, one of the loveliest of men—one of the most eloquent of preachers, upon whose lips, only the preceding day, hundreds had hung with delight, and the long-continued and extended exertion of whose powers, in a large sanctuary—the foundation of which he had but recently laid—thousands anticipated with eager desire !”

On the occasion of the funeral, all the streets through which the procession passed were filled by a serious and deeply-affected crowd of people. One of

the journals said: "The whole scene was affecting—it could not be otherwise. Every idea which could be associated with the spectacle was such as to excite the deepest sympathy. The flower of youth, scarcely opened, snatched from the stem of life by a sudden and rude attack of mortality; a minister who lately fixed the attention of crowded audiences by the power of his eloquence, conveyed to the house of silence and darkness; the fairest prospects of honour and usefulness in life blasted; the warm hopes of his friends wrecked in a moment; and the deep, the dreadful wound inflicted on the feelings of relatives and the dearest connections."

"Thus early call'd and strongly moved,  
A prophet from a child approved,  
Spencer his course began.  
From strength to strength, from grace to grace,  
Swiftest and foremost in the race,  
He carried vict'ry in his face—  
He triumph'd while he ran.

"How short his stay! the glorious prize,  
To our slow hearts and failing eyes,  
Appear'd too quickly won.  
The warrior rush'd into the field,  
With arm invincible, to wield  
The Spirit's sword, the Spirit's shield,  
When lo! the fight was done."

In contemplating the character of this lovely youth, we cannot fail to be impressed with his unwearied diligence and industry, which marked every period of

his brief career. In addition to the course of study enjoined upon the student at the Academy, he had from the first to devote much of his time in preparation for the pulpit. Indeed, so scrupulous was he on the subject, that upon one occasion, when suddenly called upon to address some young persons, he said to a friend: "I wish you would address the children for me this afternoon; I have not prepared anything; I have not considered a subject for them, and I would not offer even to a child that which cost me nothing." His library was small, but well chosen. After his death many experienced ministers came to see it, who all expressed their admiration of the care which had been manifested in the selection of books. His attainments in classic literature were considerable; he had read the best Greek and Roman authors, and perused with evident advantage the most celebrated English writers. The poets that had secured his admiration were Milton, Young, Cowper, and Kirke White. When a boy, as has already been intimated, he courted the muse himself, but not with much success.

The moral of the life of Spencer is furnished in the words of Dr. Raffles: "Many who have lived to enlighten and to bless the world, who have obtained rank, and fortune, and renown, were born in obscurity, and passed their earliest years in the oblivion of humble life. Let such, then, as feel the pressure of present circumstances, and yet pant for scenes of honour-



able exertion and extensive usefulness, ponder the life of Spencer, and be encouraged. If God designs to employ them for the public good, He will, by an unexpected train of events in his providence, call them forth; if not, let them neither rush unbidden from their sphere, nor occupy their station in sullen discontent; if a wider field be not allowed them, let them cultivate with cheerfulness the little spot to which they are confined. The most retired hamlet affords abundant opportunities of doing good; and many a man, to whom it is denied to enlighten crowded cities and populous towns, may be a star of the first magnitude in the village where he dwells."

## SIR DAVID BREWSTER:

KNIGHT OF THE GUELPHIC ORDER, PRINCIPAL OF  
ST. LEONARD'S COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY OF ST.  
ANDREW'S, AND ONE OF THE MOST DISTIN-  
GUISHED LIVING PHILOSOPHERS.

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It is scarcely needful to state that the life of the man who has achieved so much must have been one of untiring industry. Most truly has he acquired his patent to nobility by labour. His achievements, indeed, have been so vast that ordinary men would consider they had spent their lives most industriously in the mere repetition of his various scientific experiments. His position has been won without patrimony, and, until recently, without aid from any public institutions; his success must be attributed to integrity, prudence, and labour that never flagged, by which he has been enabled to maintain his distinguished position amid the foremost rank of philosophers.

He was born at Jedburgh, in Roxburghshire, in the December of 1781. His father intended him, in common with his three brothers, for the Church. They fulfilled the paternal intention, and were subsequently distinguished for piety, intelligence, and

zeal in the discharge of their duties. David became a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, but finally relinquished what he called the family profession, on account of ill health. Before he left college, when he had scarcely attained his twentieth year, he received the degree of M.A. from the University of Edinburgh. While studying in that famous seat of learning, he enjoyed the friendship of Robison, who then filled the chair of natural philosophy, Professor Playfair, and the celebrated Dugald Stewart. His great career may be said to have commenced long before he was twenty years of age. The subject that thus early arrested his attention, was the inflection, or the bending of the rays of light caused by the unequal medium through which it might pass. It was in this branch of the science of optics in which he afterwards attained great eminence. In 1806, he commenced a work of immense labour and research—the “Edinburgh Encyclopædia, which was not completed until the year 1830. But while engaged upon that important work, demanding so great a portion of thought and time, he still found leisure to study his favourite subject—optics; so that, in 1813, he was enabled to send out a work containing the results of his studies, under the title of a “Treatise on New Philosophical Instruments.” During the time that his attention was directed to optics and kindred subjects, a number of French philosophers were engaged in the same investigations. When peace was de-

clared, so that the scientific progress of the two countries could be compared, it was found, to Brewster's honour, that in every instance of discovery he had anticipated the French *savants*. In 1819 Sir David commenced the "Edinburgh Philosophical Journal," in conjunction with Professor Jameson; afterwards he carried it on alone under the title of the "Edinburgh Journal of Science," of which sixteen volumes were published.

One of the most popular of Brewster's discoveries was the kaleidoscope—an optical instrument for creating and exhibiting an infinite variety of beautiful figures, by presenting to the eye an ever-varying succession of splendid tints and symmetrical forms. It is at the present time largely used by calico-printers, potters, and carpet manufacturers, who are thus supplied with an immense variety of patterns. The kaleidoscope consists of a tin tube containing two reflecting surfaces inclined to each other. The eyeglass placed immediately against the end of the mirrors, as well as another glass similarly situated at the other end, are of common transparent glass. The tube is continued a little beyond this second glass, and, at its termination, is closed by a ground glass, which can be put on and off. In the vacant space thus formed, beads, pieces of coloured glass, and other small bright objects are put; and the changes produced in their position by turning the tube, give rise to the different figures. Unfortunately, owing to the

defective state of the patent laws, Sir David received no pecuniary benefit from his invention. A mere fraction upon every kaleidoscope manufactured in the first five years after it was made public, would have yielded a magnificent fortune.

His next popular invention was what is called the lenticular stereoscope. We are indebted to Professor Wheatstone, the discoverer of the electric telegraph, for the invention of the stereoscope. In 1838, he exhibited to the Royal Society what he called the reflecting stereoscope, for the purpose of illustrating his theories of vision, which instrument is thus explained:—When we are looking at a raised object with one eye, the result is just the same as if we looked at a flat surface, so far as the colours, shades, &c., are skilfully imitated; but when we look with both eyes, the image in the right eye is not exactly like that in the left, because we view it from a different point of sight. It is true that this difference depends only on the small distance between the eyes; but this suffices to produce different ocular results. Wheatstone has shown that our appreciation of raised objects depends mainly on this circumstance; and his stereoscope, or binocular glass, is an ingenious contrivance for making two plain pictures seem to coalesce into one relieve object.

¶ This instrument for some time excited considerable attention in the scientific world; but it has been superseded by the refracting stereoscope, the invention

of Brewster. He raised many objections to Wheatstone's theory of binocular vision; and in the prosecution of his various experiments, he was led to construct an instrument which he designated the lenticular stereoscope. He published a very elaborate treatise on the subject, which appeared in 1856, from which we extract the following description:—"The lenticular stereoscope consists of a pyramidal box of wood or metal, or any other opaque material, blackened on the inside, having a lid for the admission of light when the pictures are opaque. The box is open below, in order to let the light pass through the pictures when they are transparent. Another lid is sometimes added, so as to open externally on the bottom of the box, for the purpose of exhibiting dissolving views in the stereoscope. The bottom of the box is generally covered with ground glass, the surface of which ought to be very fine; or very fine grained paper may be used. The top of the box consists of two portions, in one of which is the right eye tube, containing a semi-lens, or quarter-lens, and in the other the left-eye tube, also containing a semi-lens, or quarter-lens."

After the improvement of the stereoscope, Sir David next turned his attention to the improvement of microscopes and telescopes; to the introduction of the Bude-light, and the use of dioptric lenses, and of zones in lighthouses. The Bude-light is a vivid flame extensively employed in lighting churches. The

mode of admitting fresh air and carrying off the products of combustion, constitute the difference between the Bude-light and the common gas light. Sir David was led to the construction of zones while writing the article "Burning Instruments" in the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia;" he was led (from the proposal of Buffon for constructing a lens of great diameter out of a single piece of glass, by cutting out the central parts in successive ridges like steps of a stair—a proposal, he justly observes, practically impossible,) to suggest the construction of a lens out of zones of glass, each of which might be built up of several circular segments, and thus form an apparatus for the illumination of lighthouses of unequalled power. This beautiful invention was afterwards more fully developed by him in the "Edinburgh Transactions."

But it is in the science of optics that Sir David has won his greatest achievements. Previous to the beginning of the century, Newton's "Optics" contained nearly all we knew concerning light. The *inflection* of light was a subject which had not escaped the attention of Newton or Brougham. Light was found to be affected by modifications scarcely recognised. It was found that a ray of light is turned out of its path by the action of some diaphanous or *light* bodies into which it enters; the ray thus disturbed acquires certain peculiar characteristics. The whole of this interesting and intricate subject was surveyed

by Sir David, who laid down the laws of the phenomena. The other subjects in connection with optics to which we are indebted to him are, his discovery of the effects of pressure, traction, &c., in producing the double-refracting power; the phenomena of the aspects and conditions of what is called *polarized light*, &c.

The various learned societies of Europe were not insensible to the advantages which science was reaping from his labours. They therefore fittingly bestowed upon him honours and titles. Indeed, Sir David has received more medals and prizes than any other living man. In 1815 he received the Copley Medal of the Royal Society for one of his discoveries in optical science, and soon after was admitted a Fellow of that body. In 1816 the Institute of France adjudged to him half of the physical prize of three thousand francs, awarded for two of the most important discoveries made in Europe, in any branch of science, during the two preceding years, and in 1819 he received from the Royal Society the Rumford gold and silver medals for his discoveries on the polarization of light.

In 1825 the Institute of France elected Sir David a corresponding member; he has also received the same honour from the Royal Academies of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark. In 1831 he proposed the meeting at York which led to the establishment of the British Association for the Advancement



of Science. In 1831 he was decorated with the Hanoverian Guelphic Order, and in 1832 was knighted by William IV. In 1849 he was elected one of the eight Foreign Associate Members of the National Institute of France. This honour, coveted by the most illustrious philosophers of Europe and of the whole world, is conferred by the Academy only after a rigorous examination of the scientific claims of the candidates, who are proposed to the Institute by a commission of five members, of which Arago was the reporter. The eight members are usually regarded as the eight greatest celebrities in the learned world.

The works that Sir David has written, in addition to those already enumerated, are, a "Treatise on the Kaleidoscope," a "Treatise on Optics," "Letters on Natural Magic," a "Life of Sir Isaac Newton," "More Worlds than One," "Plurality of Worlds," &c. He is also the author of many papers in the serials and magazines, and also one of the editors of the "London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine."

He has been awarded a pension of £300; and surely if ever man was deserving a pension, it will be conceded that Sir David Brewster is that man. Who can properly estimate the toil and concentrated thought bestowed upon his various works? Manual labour, however severe, cannot be contrasted with such intense mental application. "Work" is the

motto of his life. And yet, hard as he has worked, by a judicious care of his physical health, he is preserved to the present day, with his mental powers undimmed, and his interest in the revelations of science undiminished.

WILLIAM HOWITT:  
POET, NOVELIST, AND HISTORIAN.

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THE names of William and Mary Howitt are as familiar to the English reader as "household words." Not only have they contributed largely to the literature of their country, but they have been the means of moulding and improving the *style* of authorship in the direction in which they have employed their talents; which, before their time, was exceedingly lax and uninteresting. This has special reference to books written for juveniles. At one time it was customary to suppose that any kind of writing would serve for books for the young; and hence the books produced forty or fifty years ago may now be pronounced the veriest trash. We are largely indebted to William and Mary Howitt for the change which marks this class of literature. They wisely saw that the needs of young persons demanded a pure and elevated style of writing; familiar and interesting, as a matter of course, but not less elegant, not less carefully prepared in relation to facts, than if the books were to be studied by the most matured and intelligent

readers. And why should they not, indeed? Surely it is as important to *start* well as it is to *go on* well. What must be the result of a young person, apt and quick in his perceptions, reading a book slovenly written, the facts of which have been ill prepared, and therefore not reliable? The method of composition adopted in the book would sink into his memory, and would certainly contribute to form the manner of constructing his own sentences. Hence we see that a book read for mere amusement is an important educational agency, in the selection of which too much care cannot be taken. If a parent, then, is commendably interested in the character of his son's companions, ought he not to be equally as much so in the books which he reads?

We shall not find, nor do we expect to find, much startling adventure in the life of William Howitt. However it is not devoid of interest, or even of the romantic. He was born in the year 1795, at Heanor, in Derbyshire, where the family have been considerable landowners for many generations. His father having married a member of the Society of Friends, was the occasion of his becoming one also, and bringing up his children in the same principles. William received his education in various schools, after which he devoted himself to the study of chemistry, natural and moral philosophy, and the acquirement of a knowledge of the best authors of England, France and Italy; subsequently he not only attained an intimate

acquaintance with the best German authors, but became also a finished German scholar. Strange to say, the principles of the Society of Friends did not deter him in his youthful years from contracting a love for field sports, which he followed with much ardour and devotion. Shooting, coursing and fishing, were his chief amusements, in which he became an acknowledged proficient. Probably it was these out-door sports which first directed his attention to the subjects of botany and natural history, with which he very early became familiar, and which doubtless tended to develop his peculiar poetic temperament. In his 28th year he married Miss Mary Botham, of Uttoxeter, who was also a member of the Society of Friends. Surely a more admirable companion William could not have selected. The name of "Mary Howitt" we have learned, not only to respect, but to love. Perhaps we are more indebted to her than to any living woman for a graceful, pleasing class of juvenile books that has largely influenced the youth of our country. In 1823 William and Mary Howitt published their first work, entitled, "The Forest Minstrel." From the press and the public it met with a warm reception, while their brother poets looked upon it most approvingly. Their contributions to the various annuals introduced their names to the notice of a wide circle, whom they charmed by the sweetness of their wood-notes.

When the "Forest Minstrel" had been completed,

William and Mary *took a walk* of more than five hundred miles through Scotland, taking the English lakes on their return. This journey was accomplished without fatigue, and with considerable physical benefit. In 1831 William sent out his charming "*Book of the Seasons*;" and in 1837, while he was residing at the pretty village of Esher, the most popular of his works, "*The Rural Life of England*," full of delightful descriptions of country life. Then followed a work entitled "*Colonization and Christianity*;" "*The Boy's Country Book*;" and "*Visits to Remarkable Places, Old Halls, and Battle Fields, and Scenes illustrative of striking Passages in English History*." When these labours were ended, William took his family to Heidelberg;—while there both he and his wife availed themselves of the opportunity of increasing their knowledge of the German language, as well as storing their minds with facts in relation to the Germans, to be used in future publications. In 1841 William sent out his "*Student Life in Germany*." During their stay at Heidelberg Mary learned the Swedish language, which enabled her to translate the novels of Miss Bremer. The books which were afterwards published as the result of the residence in Germany were "*The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany*," and "*German Experiences*." Then followed, on William's return to England, a volume on "*The Aristocracy in England*;" and, in the year following, the "*Haunts and Homes of British Poets*." The secret of the

interest of these books is found in the fact that their author really visited the places he described. He has written also several admirable works of fiction. "The Hall and the Hamlet," and "Madame Dorrington and the Dene;" and in 1851, "The Year-Book of the Country," "Translations of Peter Schlemihl," "The Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor," etc. Amongst the children's books which came from his pen, special mention should be made of "Jack of the Mill," and "The Boy's Book about Australia."

In 1846 William became a co-proprietor in a serial work entitled "The People's Journal," a speculation in which he lost a considerable sum of money. He afterwards published "Howitt's Journal," which reached at one time an amazing circulation. In 1852 he visited Australia for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the habits and customs of the settlers in that country, as well as to indulge his natural spirit of adventure. On returning home he gave the public the result of his experience in two volumes, entitled "Land, Labour, and Gold; or Two Years in Victoria; with Visits to Sydney and Van Diemen's Land."

Mary Howitt, during the industrious life of her husband, was by no means idle. In addition to the works published in connection with him, she is the author of a series of dramatic sketches, entitled "The Seven Temptations," "Wood Leighton," and many admirable volumes in prose and verse for children.

She also translated from the Swedish the works of Hans Christian Andersen ; and edited for three years the "Drawing-room Scrap-book." Her most popular juvenile writings are "The Children's Year," "Our Cousins in Ohio," "Mary Leason," and "The Dial of Love."

It is evident from this cursory glance at the life of William and Mary Howitt, that their talent for authorship has been fully employed. If they had had merely the capability for writing, and not also the talent of industry, very few books would have been published with their names. But with industry what have they not achieved? Look at the immense labour involved in the production of their various works, the mere manual exertion of transcribing which would be an enormous task. And then see how regularly their books have issued from the press, clearly proving, famous as the Howitts have become, that the old labour road is the means by which that fame has been achieved.



THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI:  
BOY IN AN ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, AND NOW THE  
EMINENT STATESMAN.

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“A failure is nothing ; it may be deserved, or it may be remedied : in the first instance, it brings self-knowledge ; in the second, it develops a new combination, usually triumphant.”—DISRAELI.

NEVER say *fail*. Let circumstances be adverse, let difficulties arise apparently insurmountable, let every door seem closed, no hope in the heart, or light on the solitary pathway of the weary wayfarer, and then, even then, let stoutness of purpose and resoluteness of will dare once more—brave the storm and mount the breach even once again. It is only by failing that a man is known. How can we tell what is in a man if his life is all sunshine—if he lives only in a continual round of prosperity? Let him, however, endure reverses ; sink under some loss, some unexpected disaster, and then you shall right speedily have knowledge whether there is in him manship which shall endure and again dare—rising, phoenix-like, from the ashes of ruin. That is to be a man.

In some of these particulars the Right Honourable

Benjamin Disraeli is a notable example. He has failed; but, having courage and resolution, he has dared again and again, and finally, as a fitting consummation, he has triumphantly succeeded. The secret of his success is to be found in the consciousness of his own powers, and in an invincible resolution to succeed. He might fittingly adopt as his motto, "Indomitable energy, and unflagging perseverance." These were the instruments of his success—the talisman converting the obscure student into the formidable debater, the consummate orator, the world-read author, and the prominent statesman.

He was born in London, in December, 1805, and is the descendant of a Hebrew family. His ancestors emigrated from the Peninsula in the fifteenth century, selecting as their future residence the Venetian Republic; here they existed as merchants for more than two centuries. The laws of England being relaxed in relation to Jews, about a hundred years ago, was the occasion of Benjamin Disraeli—the grandfather of "Disraeli the younger," settling in England. His son Isaac became an author of great celebrity; his best work, "The Curiosities of Literature," will be a treasured classic so long as the English language is read.

Benjamin, the subject of our sketch, was educated at a suburban academy, where it is said he frequently declared his determination to arrive at distinction as a senator. No doubt at the time this would be

deemed a boyish boast ; subsequent events have shown that, without being a prophet, he had the shrewdness to picture in his imagination a position which he wished to attain, and then that he had the needed resolution to battle with every difficulty until he stood at the desired goal.

His first situation, after leaving school, was in the office of a metropolitan attorney, where, notwithstanding its uncongenial character, ill suited as it was to the ardent longings of so determined an aspirant, he doubtless obtained much practical information, which has since been turned to good account. Subsequently he had the opportunity of travelling through the principal cities of Germany, acquiring, as he proceeded, a practical knowledge of the manners, customs, and laws of the country. In addition to which, as an evidence of his industry, he had completed his first literary venture before his twenty-first year. “Vivian Grey” became the fashion at all the libraries, and attracted by its freshness and spirit the attention of the reading world. At the same time that this *brochure* was being eagerly read, its author had undertaken the editorship of a newspaper—“The Representative”—published by John Murray, the prince of publishers. This speculation might be styled “failure number one.” The paper ran only six months, involving a loss, within that comparatively brief period, of £70,000 ! This was in 1826, while Disraeli had not yet attained his majority !

After this failure, in order further to improve his knowledge of classic countries, he visited Italy and Greece, where he had an opportunity, on the fields of Albania, to learn something of the desolating effects of a civil war. During the next year was published "The Voyage of Captain Popanilla. By the author of 'Vivian Grey.'" This work completed, a journey through Syria, Egypt, and Nubia was projected. In these wanderings, doubtless, the young novelist stored up much of the material which was afterwards brilliantly used in the composition of his more celebrated works. On his return home, in 1831, he published his "Young Duke," described as "a moral tale, though gay."

But writing novels was not the goal to which he aspired—he had predicted that he should arrive at senatorial honours; and, therefore, he must needs take a step in that direction. There was only one course—to seek to obtain the suffrages of some constituency willing to send him to the House of Commons as their representative. At the time of which we are now writing, the year of grace 1832, the people of England were discussing the question of Parliamentary Reform, which furnished, so thought Disraeli, a suitable opportunity for furthering his views. Chipping Wycombe, about five miles from his father's residence, had the honour of his first address; yet, notwithstanding that he was introduced by the celebrated Joseph Hume, the electors

passed him by, for less gifted candidates. This may be named as failure number two. Subsequently he again appeared on the Wycombe hustings, only again to experience defeat. Did he despair? anything but that. He simply waited for events more auspicious; and in the meantime turned his talents in the direction in which he had already reaped laurels. In the same year of his parliamentary disappointment, the memorable 1832—the year of the Reform Bill, appeared “Contarini Fleming,” in four volumes. In 1833 this was followed by the “Wondrous Tale of Alroy,” in which ample use was made of the information obtained during his travels through Egypt and the Holy Land.

And now, conceiving that the public had sufficient interest in his political opinions to desire to know what they really were; and, in answer to a taunting question that he accidentally overheard in reference to himself: “What is he?” he straightway issued a sixpenny pamphlet in which he contrived to explain what were and what were not his political views. This pamphlet was appropriately called: “What is He?” His next work, intended to be but an instalment, “The Revolutionary Epic,” was a failure, and therefore not proceeded with.

Once more, on the 16th of December, in 1836, he essayed to obtain the suffrages of the good people of High Wycombe—but with his old fate. They had no leanings to the brilliant author. Disraeli had his revenge in the publication of his speech delivered to

the electors under the title of the "Crisis Examined." And then, as a further proof of his study of the political institutions of the country, he addressed a volume of two hundred pages to the Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, entitled "A Vindication of the English Constitution." During the same year he became a candidate for the suffrages of the inhabitants of the borough of Taunton—but he was once more doomed to disappointment, Mr. Labouchere having two votes to his one. Surely he must have adopted as his motto: "Never say fail," or these repeated disappointments would have disgusted him with public life. During the Taunton contest he became embroiled in a dispute with the great liberator, Daniel O'Connell; at one time the business looked very serious, so that it was expected that that relic of barbarism, a duel, would have been resorted to. Happily, with the exception of bitter words, which would have been better unsaid and unwritten—all ended well. Disraeli concluded one of his letters to O'Connell with "We shall meet at Philippi," indicating that the arena in which they would meet would be the House of Commons, as it has since proved, a true prophecy; but which, at the time, taking into account his repeated failures to enter the house, seemed an idle boast.

This political episode ended, Disraeli next employed himself in the composition of a series of letters which appeared in the "Times," to which the name "Runymede" was appended; then followed in succession

“Henrietta Temple,” in three volumes, and “Venetia,” also in three volumes. These books were well received, achieving a great sale. ‘They will no doubt always form a part of standard English fiction.

But “at long and at last,” as if Dame Fortune was tired out, Disraeli attained, for the time being at least, the consummation of his wishes. In his thirty-second year he entered Parliament as member for Maidstone. Who after this will not cry “Excelsior !” But with singular ill-judgment, before the “new member” had become accustomed to the forms of the house, before he had learned the tone so needed for obtaining the “car” of the house—he essayed his first speech. It was a signal failure. It would have been a wonder had it not been. The debate had been opened by the unfortunate Smith O’Brien, who was followed by Mr. Bulwer, Sir William Follett, Sir Francis Burdett, and last, though not least, Daniel O’Connell. Then it was that Disraeli rose, doubtless anxious to fulfil the prophecy of meeting his old antagonist “at Philippi,” and lo ! here was the opportunity. That speech, so say the incorruptible pages of “Hansard,” was received with shouts of laughter, drowning the conclusion of many of the sentences of the “honourable member.” When silence was partially restored he concluded his first parliamentary effort with these very remarkable words :—

“I would certainly gladly hear a cheer, even though it came from a political opponent. I am not at all sur-

prised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

No doubt this prediction also was received with renewed shouts of laughter; but many of the laughers have lived to realize its complete fulfilment. Warned, however, by this failure, Disraeli "bided his time," profiting in the meanwhile by his attention to the business of the house. He educated himself so successfully to the tone and manner of this "first assembly of gentlemen," that eighteen months had not elapsed from his entrance into the house before he was heard with respect and attention. During the same year he published a five-act tragedy entitled "Don Carlos," and, a much more important matter, entered into the holy band of wedlock—marrying the daughter of John Evans Esq., of Brunceford Peak, in Devonshire, and relict of Wyndham Lewis, Esq., of Greenmeadow in Glamorganshire.

In 1841 Disraeli was returned to Parliament for the borough of Shrewsbury, and in 1844 sent out his most popular work—"Coningsby; or, the New Generation." Three editions were speedily exhausted. It was also translated into several European languages, while fifty thousand copies were sold in America. Twelve months after appeared "Sybil; or, the Two Nations," and "Tancred," both of which enhanced the fame of the now popular author.



But authorship was not the culmination of his hopes; he had prophesied that he should attain to distinction in the "Commons," and to that end had sedulously attended to his parliamentary duties. In 1842 he was not only tolerated as a speaker, but looked upon as a power to be courted or dreaded. Indeed, it is even affirmed that Sir Robert Peel was desirous of securing his talents to his own great party; had he done so, he would have been saved from his attacks in opposition, which were certainly the most severe and harassing that any political chief was ever subject to. "The conflict," says one writer, "seemed so utterly unequal, that any man who had foretold its issue would have been regarded as fit only for a lunatic asylum." "No wonder," says another writer, "the House learnt at length to recognise in the ex-member for Maidstone the most brilliant satirist and one of the most gifted and daring debaters within the walls of the legislature." This was the man laughed down in his first speech! How truly had he completed his prediction that the time would come when "they would hear him."

Immersed in parliamentary duties, he did not forget, however, the arena in which he had won his first laurels. In 1849, in connection with a reprint of the "Curiosities of Literature," was published a "Life of Isaac Disraeli," from his pen, which was succeeded in 1851 by "Lord George Bentinck; a Political Biography." The sudden death of this celebrated

nobleman made way for Disraeli's attainment of the highest position as a parliamentary leader. As the undoubted head of the great Conservative party, he had no compeer: the position was at once ceded to him as his right, which he has since held with distinguished ability. When parliament met in 1849, Mr. Disraeli took his position as the recognized leader of the opposition, being then only in his forty-fourth year. Three years later and he became, in Lord Derby's first cabinet of 1852, Minister of Finance; a position which his most sanguine friends could not have anticipated. In the next year he received the degree of D.C.L. from the Oxford University, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the assembled undergraduates.

We have thus seen how the lawyer's clerk, the obscure student, by dint of industry and perseverance, raised himself to the proud position of Chancellor of the Exchequer of the greatest country on the face of the globe. It is a spectacle of which the country has just cause to be proud. And while Napoleon said that every private soldier in his army carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, it may be affirmed with greater truth that every youth, every young man, every private citizen in England, in the exercise of courage, determination, and diligence, may achieve a position of probity, of honour, and it may be of fame. On this subject we cannot more fittingly conclude than by quoting the words of Disraeli, addressed to

the members of the Manchester Athenæum:—"I would address myself to that youth on whom the hopes of all societies repose and depend. I doubt not that they feel conscious of the position which they occupy—a position which, under all circumstances, at all periods, in every clime and country, is one replete with duty. The youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity; but the youth I address have duties peculiar to the position which they occupy. This is their inheritance. They will be called upon to perform duties—great duties. I, for one, wish, for their sakes, and for the sake of my country, that they may be performed greatly. I give to them that council which I have ever given to youth, and which I believe to be the wisest and the best: I tell them to aspire. I believe that the man who does not look up will look down; and that the spirit that does not dare to soar is destined perhaps to grovel. Every individual is entitled to aspire to that position which he believes his faculties qualify him to occupy."

## FRANCIS HORNER:

SON OF AN EDINBURGH MERCHANT, AND THE  
UNIVERSALLY RESPECTED MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

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“THE valuable and peculiar light in which Horner stands out—the light in which his history is calculated to inspire every right-minded youth, is this—he died at the age of thirty-eight, possessed of greater public influence than any other private man, and admired, beloved, trusted, and deplored by all except the heartless or the base. No greater homage was ever paid in parliament to any deceased member. Now let every young man ask how was this attained. By rank? He was the son of an Edinburgh merchant. By wealth? Neither he nor any of his relatives ever had a superfluous sixpence. By office? He held but one, and only for a few years, of no influence, and with very little pay. By talents? His were not splendid, and he had no genius; cautious and slow, his only ambition was to be right. By eloquence? He spoke calm good taste, without any of the oratory that either terrifies or seduces. By any fascination of manner? His was only correct and agreeable. By what, then, was it? Merely by sense, industry, good

principles, and a good heart—qualities which no well-constituted mind need ever despair of attaining. It was the force of his character that raised him, and this character not impressed upon him by nature, but formed out of no peculiarly fine elements by himself. Horner was born to show what moderate powers, unaided by anything whatever, except culture and goodness, may achieve, even when these powers are displayed amidst the competition and jealousy of public life.”

Francis Horner, the son of Mr. John Horner, a merchant of Edinburgh, was born in that city on the 12th of August, 1778. His parents were happily gifted with good sense and taste; and had diligently acquired the information that enabled them to take the charge and direction of their son’s education. As a result of their wise training they lived to see him loved and honoured by the wise and good; and to spend his energies in the service of his country. His mother says, in a letter written soon after his death: “Frank was a delicate infant, and continued long a weakly child. I taught him to read and thought him dull; but at six years of age he distinguished himself at his first school, and was the pride of his master. At the annual examination, after he went to the school, upon his reciting a poem, I overheard one of the examiners, the late Dr. Adam, ask ‘the name of that fine boy.’ His earliest friend was Henry Brougham (now Lord Brougham), for before we left

St. David Street, in May 1780, they used to run together on the pavement before our house. Frank never was idle, even at that age; when he came home from church, he used often to repeat parts of the service in the nursery; he said he should like to be a parson, and my mother made him a black gown and bands. One day when Mr. Blair, afterwards president of the Court of Session, was dining with us, my little fellow was invited into the room after dinner, dressed in his gown and bands; and the manner in which he went through his part struck Mr. Blair so much, that he said to me, 'you must bring up that boy to the bar.' He went to the theatre for the first time the winter following; the play was "Hamlet," with the afterpiece of the "Poor Soldier:" much to our astonishment, he soon after repeated the soliloquy of Hamlet; acted several of the different characters, even to the ghost, without confusion; did the same with some of those in the "Poor Soldier;" and sang the songs with great humour. He was not unhealthy, but never robust; I often thought that his anxiety to learn his lessons made him indifferent about his meals. He had a private tutor in the evening, who, as all who ever superintended his education, gave him the highest praise."

In 1786, he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, where he remained six years. At the examination of the school, in the August of 1792, he was the head boy of the school, when he then left to go

to college. On that occasion he presented a book to Dr. Adam, which had been subscribed for by the scholars, as a mark of their esteem and gratitude. It was then that he first spoke in public. The speech, which was in Latin, was his own composition; and according to Lord Cockburn "was well composed, and well spoken." He had at that period of his life acquired a character for gravity and earnestness; his companions were accustomed to speak of him as "the sage," and "the Ancient Horner." He remained at college until 1795, where he pursued his studies with the utmost assiduity, acquiring a knowledge of mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, moral philosophy, rhetoric, and French. In his last year he became a member of the "Juvenile Literary Society," connected with the college. Afterwards, in order to free him from any provincial accent, it was resolved that he should prosecute his studies in England. For this purpose he was placed under the care of the Rev. John Hewlett, at Shacklewell, in Middlesex. We learn from his letters to his father and friends how earnestly he devoted himself to his studies. Writing to his father he said: "I shall endeavour, my dear father, to give you an idea of the manner in which I now pass my time; though that I shall be better able to do sometime afterwards, when I have methodised the business of each day, and become accustomed to a fixed plan, without which it is impossible to carry on study of any kind with the least profit or dispatch. I

make a point of reading Greek or Latin every day. The ‘Annals of Tacitus,’ and ‘Iliad of Homer,’ are my present books in that line; whatever assistance is necessary I receive from Mr. Hewlett, who generally sits with me an hour every day. The afternoon I devote to mathematics, and otherwise to the formation of English style, by translating from the French, attempting original composition, and perusing classical authors. With respect to one great object for which you were at the expense and trouble of placing me here, I think I am beginning to *pronounce* some *words* as Englishmen do, and just to *feel* the difference between the *rhythm* of their conversation and mine. I find, however, that it will be a much more difficult matter than it would have been two or three years ago, and that it would be now, were I blessed with a more acute and delicate ear.” To Mr. John Archibald Murray, now Lord Murray, he wrote: “Tell me how you are managing your studies, what classes you attend, and what books you are devouring. I see nothing to prevent us carrying on our *Disputationes Academica*, though we are 400 miles asunder. Metaphysics can war loud enough. Come, I order you, in the name of Hume, and Smith, and Dugald Stewart, to select a question immediately, and to begin upon it in your very first letter. The controversy would be much the better for our friend Brougham’s assistance, and I shall give him a hint.” In another letter he writes: “You ask, my dear Murray, for an account



of my studies : at present I confine them to the impressing on my mind more strongly those very few branches of knowledge which I had cultivated before leaving Edinburgh—mathematics, languages, and your science of *nonsology*, each occupying a portion of my daily employment. This I am obliged to do, on account of the time which I must spend in considering the principles of English pronunciation and English composition. In prosecution of the last of these I sometimes attempt myself, sometimes translate from my favourite Rousseau, carrying on at the same time, under the direction of my friend Mr. Hewlett, a very rigid examination of the style of Mr. Hume in his ‘History,’ which I am astonished to find abound so much both in inaccuracies and inelegancies.”

While he was with Mr. Hewlett, at his recommendation he translated from the French into English, Euler’s “Algebra,” as affording an admirable exercise for his reasoning powers, and his talent for analysis and investigation, which he had so early manifested. This work was subsequently published and edited by Mr. Hewlett.

Prior to his entering more immediately upon the study of the law, to which profession he proposed to devote himself, he had drawn up a plan of study for two years which was sufficient for a very extended life. This shows, however, the ardency and purpose which possessed him at the time. And if he did not, as his own over sanguine expectations anticipated, complete

his purpose, he yet succeeded in realizing most material and important results. The paper was dated October, 19, 1797. "Being now on the eve of my return to Edinburgh, in order to enter seriously on the study of the Scotch law, at the same time that I have very much to do in the branches of general science, as well as in those of polite literature and erudition, it is proper for me, from this distance, to take a view of the prospect before me, that, in the course of the journey which I am about to take, I may not find myself entirely ignorant of the best route, or at a loss with respect to the relative position of the different places. It was a noble spirit in Cicero to wish and to resolve to advance to the forum at first with the sure possession of surpassing learning and eloquence. In the two years that remain to me I must perfect myself in the Latin and Greek classics; acquire an eloquence and facility of English style, both in writing and in speaking; make myself a proficient in the general principles of philosophy, and a complete master, if possible, of law as a science. Let me remember, however, that this, though a possible, is a great undertaking, and will require on my part that unremitted industry and attention without which no honour can ever be deserved, and no true honour ever acquired. Joined to regular and continued habits of industry, my studies must be prosecuted likewise in a systematic manner, on a plan previously laid down, at least sketched in its general outline. It

is of the utmost importance to a student to limit the number of his books, and to resist with firmness every approach towards a habit of desultory reading. In Greek, for the present, I need only fix my thoughts on *Homer*, *Demosthenes*, *Xenophon*, and *Euripides*. In Latin, I may and must indulge myself in a greater range of authors: *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Cæsar*, and *Sallust*; the best poets, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Lucretius*, and *Tibullus*, should be regularly studied over and over again. Let me at least read daily, without failure on any pretence, one hundred lines in the 'Odyssey' of Homer, and apply one hour at least to the orations and rhetorical works of Cicero. I should be thoroughly acquainted with the history of pure mathematics. In the mixed mathematics, and the other branches of physics, including chemistry, botany, and natural history, I am to read the book of nature. As for metaphysics, it is only on a complete and scientific knowledge of the principles of human nature, and the theory of morals, that the path is laid towards the elements of legislative science. Next to the immediate study of the civil, municipal, and statute laws themselves, my great object of acquisition must be the general science of politics, legislation, and jurisprudence, as systematised by reasonings and illustrated by history. Besides what I read of the Institutes and the Commentaries, I must daily make some progress in the knowledge of Roman antiquities. It will be proper to compose all my essays and disquisitions for literary societies on

subjects of general law and politics. In the composition of each, I should aim at an accuracy and extent of research, a plain, neat, elegant, flowing, didactic style, as to the language, and pay particular attention to the beauties of method and arrangement." In this outline of the paper the reader will be able to appreciate the earnestness that possessed Horner before he had attained his twentieth year. Soon after his return to Edinburgh he became a member of the Speculative Society, at the same time that Brougham was admitted. Horner was so regular in his attendance, that for three years he was only absent from three meetings.

Being now settled at home in his twentieth year, we learn from his journal the severe course of study upon which he entered. "*May 1.* This morning I began a course of French with M. Deville. I intend to make all my notes on French books in that language, as well as all the abstracts I may draw up of such. I began the 44th chapter of Gibbon's History. Examined with critical attention a paragraph in Chesterfield's 142nd Letter, and practised the exercise recommended by Blair, of transcribing from memory. Translated four maxims out of Rochefoucault. Read to the end of Gibbon. Reviewed the historical part. *May 7.* After a day spent in agreeable idleness with my friend Murray, who is about to set off for London, I returned to my studies, and began *Duck*, 'De Usu et Auctoritate.' *July 15.* Read the fifth book of

Bailly's *Modern Astronomy*.' After Bailly, I read, just before going to bed, the 295th Letter of Chesterfield. *Aug.* 17. Read, but can scarcely say I studied, Bailly, from p. 30 to p. 64. Read in the afternoon some of Turgot's 'Reflections on the Formation and Distribution of Wealth.' *Feb.* 5. This evening I finished a paper, the composition of which has occupied me nearly a week, 'On the Opposition Party in Parliament.' The greatest labour I have been at this winter has been the writing notes from Hume's Lectures, of which I have got above 200 folio pages. *Feb.* 19. Have been doing a little in the way of civil law, reading the twentieth book of the Pandects, on the subject of Pledge and Hypothique. I have entered on a plan with Lord Webb Seymour, of discussing with him, after Stewart's lecture, the different arguments or topics which it comprehended. *April* 10. Read a little Spanish. Read half the first Canto of Delille's 'Jardins.' *April* 21. Began a course of civil law, with the serious purpose of passing my trials in the course of two months. *April* 23. With a view to style, studied about thirty lines in Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.' *April* 25. Began 'Vie de M. Turgot,' and read to p. 60."

The journal is occasionally interspersed with resolutions and reflections of a judicious character. In one place he wrote, "The single evening in the week will be laid out to best advantage in translation, or

the studious and critical perusal of a few of the best English authors. When Allen's course expires, I shall have the hours before breakfast of the remaining three months to give to Cicero's 'Orations,' and perhaps I may add those of Demosthenes." On March 26th he entered in the journal,—“In a fortnight it will be my turn to read a paper at the Speculative Society, for the subject of which I have chosen the ‘Circulation of Money.’ *April* 8. I found the subject one of too great difficulty. After amusing myself within four days, I have changed the subject of my paper. I read this evening some remarks on the influence of a great commercial metropolis on the prosperity of the state. I rather congratulate myself that I wrote above one-half of the disquisition at one sitting this forenoon, and that I read the whole of it from the first draught, without being reduced, as formerly, to the sad task of copying. *April* 18. Four hours in the forenoon on the subjects of *Tack* and *Wadset*; refreshed myself before dinner with a few chapters of Livy. In the afternoon Brougham and I went over the title in Erskine's ‘Principles of the Vassal's Right.’ *May* 8. This was a rambling sort of day. Brougham came to *grind*, and we had nearly gone through the title to ‘Adjudications,’ when Lord Webb called. We set out together and had a little chemical chat. *May* 11. Walked out with my father. As we went along I got some valuable commercial information. Indeed, if I were awake to the

opportunities that I daily possess, I might receive from my father a good deal of information in that time. *May 19.* I cannot resist, as I ought to do, the luxurious temptations of a fine evening; especially when I can enjoy it in a solitary walk, and absorb myself in the delirium of meditative romance. All my plans of life have been reviewed this evening, and I have suffered my imagination to pursue, with unrestrained sensibility, the track of future scenes. Such fits of musing may have a decided effect even in realizing their own fond anticipations, if I can always guide them to leave upon me this valuable impression, that my objects must be simplified, my views systematised, my ambition concentrated. *June 6.* Stood my trials, and passed."

On the 22nd of July he entered in his journal a note which gives an indication of the spirit by which he was possessed in the prosecution of his studies. "I remember Gibbon has in one of his volumes a note upon the erudition of Sir William Jones, which, in the recollection, spreads a glow and pulsation over my whole frame: 'He was equally acquainted with the term reports of Westminster Hall, with the laws of Hindostan, and with the decisions of the Persian Cadhis.'" In the entry of Nov. 27, we are informed that on that day he finished a law paper, the first upon which he had been employed in any case of importance, relative to a question between the incorporated trades of Edinburgh and Leith. "My afternoons and evenings,"

he further wrote, "are rigorously given to legal studies, except the regular relaxation at the Chemical Society, and in the works of Bacon, and the occasional relaxation at the Speculative Society. Four evenings in the week I strictly command; and I extend the sitting for more than five, or sometimes six hours." On the 23rd of January he wrote in his journal, "This forenoon I pleaded the cause which I studied last night against Gillics (afterwards Lord Gillies), a man of a very vigorous intellect. I lost the question, from the demerits of my plea, as I am bound to believe, not from the imperfections of my eloquence. Yet, what is that mysterious power of self-possession which is gifted to some men, and withheld from others, according to the constitution of their nerves and blood-vessels—which, deserting us when we are placed in a new situation, palsies the faculty of memory in its recollection of what has been most recently imprinted, and suspends the course of those habits which long exercise had formed?" In another place he wrote, to mark his appreciation of the qualities by which he attained his subsequent eminent position: "Self-denial, perseverance, inflexible assiduity, what virtues you are! but what exertions you require! That ambition which can submit to present mortification and to long dull drudgery for the attainment of remote honour, is like that fortitude which can reason in the midst of danger—the attribute not of man, but of God."

In the March of 1802, Horner removed to London.



At that time he was only in his twenty-fourth year. On the 31st day of that month he entered a note in his journal which is interesting, as it gives a vivid impression of the lecturing of the great Davy :—" I have been once to the Royal Institution, and heard Davy lecture on animal substances, to a mixed and large assembly of both sexes, to the number of three hundred or more. It is a curious scene : the reflections it excites of an ambiguous nature ; for the prospect of possible good is mingled with the observation of much actual folly. The audience is assembled by the influence of fashion merely ; and fashion and chemistry form a very incongruous union. At the same time it is a trophy to the sciences ; our great advance is made towards the association of female with masculine minds in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and another domain of pleasing and liberal inquiry is included within the range of polished conversation. Davy's style of lecturing is much in favour of himself, though not perhaps entirely suited to the place ; it has rather a little awkwardness, but it is that air which bespeaks real modesty and good sense : he is only awkward because he cannot condescend to assume the theatrical quackery of manner which might have a more imposing effect. This was my impression from his first lecture. I have since met Davy in company, and was much pleased with him ; a great softness and propriety of manner, which might be cultivated into elegance ; his physiognomy struck me as being superior

to what the science of chemistry on its present plan can afford exercise for ; I fancied to discover in it the lineaments of poetical feeling." After entering himself at Lincoln's Inn he wrote : " The great duty of self-improvement and of intellectual culture, with reference to those active scenes in which my life is to be passed, occupies frequent and large intervals of my present meditations ; and I am anxious to arrange, in one vast systematic picture before my imagination, the labours of professional preparation, the duties of private benevolence and influence, the possible contingencies of political activity, and the certain relaxations of literature and philosophy. I keep in a separate memorandum book a set of short notes, in which I record from day to day such reflections as occur to my mind on these important views ; I have prefixed to the other book of notes a quaint but expressive title, composed of two phrases that are the favourites of Lord Bacon—'Culture of the mind, and command over fortune.' "

In London Horner was privileged to form the acquaintance of Sidney Smith, Whishaw, Sharp, Rogers, Wilberforce, and Mackintosh. Of Sharp he wrote : " He is a very extraordinary man ; I have seen so much of him lately, that I determined every day to see more of him, as much as I possibly can. His great subject is criticism, upon which he always appears to me original and profound ; which I have not frequently observed in combination. He is both

subtle and feeling. Next to literature, the powers of his understanding, at once ingenious and plain, show themselves in the judgment of characters; he has seen much of the great men of the last generation, and he appears to have seen them well. In this particular his conversation is highly interesting; from his talent of painting by incidents and minute ordinary features, he almost carries you back to the society of those great personages, and makes you live for a moment in their presence." When Mackintosh went to India Horner wrote a letter to Erskine, in which he said: "To Mackintosh, indeed, my obligations are of a far higher order than those even of the kindest hospitality; he has been an intellectual master to me, and has enlarged my prospects into the wide regions of moral speculation more than any other tutor I have ever had in the art of thinking; I cannot even except Dugald Stewart, to whom I once thought I owed more than I could ever receive from another. Had Mackintosh remained in England, I should have possessed, ten years hence, powers and views which are now beyond my reach. I never left his conversation but I felt a mixed consciousness, as it were, of inferiority and capability; and I have now and then flattered myself with this feeling, as if it promised that I might make something of myself. I cannot think of all this without being melancholy." On the 16th of May Horner made his first appearance in the House of Lords. "This day," he wrote, "I have made my

first appearance at the bar of the House of Lords, and have committed what Hume calls the most presumptuous of all attempts—to speak before the chancellor with less than a month's study of the laws; for I can scarcely say that I have ever given a month's study to Scotch law, or to any law. I have probably, therefore, spoken to the same effect that Hume describes—that of labouring to make myself ridiculous. I know full well that I must at least have been ridiculous, from my symptoms of trepidation and embarrassment. Speaking for the first time in any place would make me nervous; but before so great an assembly (great from association and previous impression), in a large hall, those you address at a great distance from you, with a vacant gap between, is enough to chill all fancy and all memory. If I had not used the precaution of full notes, which must become unnecessary as soon as I can render it so, I should have utterly lost my train of argument. I scarcely could finish a sentence, and could find no variety of language to express distinct ideas. This, I know, partly resulted from having notes, and from not having courage to trust myself to invention extempore; but my tongue, in truth, clove to the roof of my mouth.”

On the 3rd of November, 1806, he was returned to Parliament by the constituency of Truro; on which occasion his friend Murray wrote,—“There is no circumstance in your life, my dear Horner, so enviable as the universal confidence which your conduct has

produced among all descriptions of men. I do not speak of your friends, who have been close and near observers, but I have had some occasion of observing the impression which those who are distant spectators have had, and believe there are few instances of any person of your age possessing the same character for independence and integrity—qualities for which very little credit is given in general to young men.” At the subsequent general election Horner did not obtain a seat; but in the July following he was elected for the borough of Wendover. In Parliament he at once became, if not a brilliant or showy member, a useful working one, being attached to those committees which required a laboured attention to minute details. At the same time his profession was constantly absorbing more of his time and attention by the increase of his practice. One of the most useful committees upon which he sat owes its origin to him—“to inquire into the causes of the high price of bullion, and the consequent effect on the paper currency.” In addition to these labours he was, and had been from its commencement, a constant contributor to the “Edinburgh Review.” Occasionally he sought a little relaxation in travelling to the various scenes of interest in which the United Kingdom abounds. Upon one of these occasions, in his absence from London, he received a letter from Lord Grenville, which contained an offer of a place in the new ministry which that nobleman had undertaken to form.

He wrote,—“It would afford to me a satisfaction not to be described if I could hope to persuade you to assist me as one of the secretaries of the Treasury. I do not mean to flatter you when I say that I should myself feel, and I am confident such would be the universal impression, that I had in that way secured the assistance of the person in all England the most capable of rendering efficient service to the public in that situation, and of lightening the burden which I am to undertake.” This flattering offer Horner declined, having laid down a rule when he went into Parliament, never to take any political office until he was rich enough to live at ease out of office.

During one of his excursions Horner visited Ford Abbey, the residence of Jeremy Bentham; one of the rooms, furnished in the taste of King William's time, Bentham had converted into what he called his “scribbling shop;” two or three tables were set out, covered with white napkins, on which were placed two or three music desks, with manuscripts,—his technical memory. Horner says,—“I was present at the mysteries, for he went on as if we had not been with him. A long walk after breakfast, and before his, began the day. He came into the house about one o'clock, the tea-things being by that time set by his writing-table, and he proceeded very deliberately to sip his tea, while a young man, a sort of pupil and amanuensis, read the newspapers to him, paragraph by paragraph. This, and the tea together, seemed

gradually to prepare his mind for working, in which he engaged by degrees, and became at last quite absorbed in what was before him, till about five o'clock, when he met us at dinner. This is his daily course throughout the year." In 1814, in the company of the Murrays, Horner, for the first time, visited France and Italy. On his return towards France, he brought with him an introduction to Lafayette, which he had received from Lord Holland at Geneva, but which he had no opportunity of delivering. "It is not," said his lordship, "I assure you, every one of my countrymen whom I think worthy of being introduced to so consistent and warm a friend of rational liberty as yourself; but I cannot deny my intimate friend, Mr. Horner, that pleasure, because I know he has both sense and principles to value such an advantage as it deserves."

On the 25th of June, 1816, Horner addressed the House of Commons for the last time. The subject was the cause of religious liberty in Ireland. At this time symptoms of pulmonary affection had appeared; and although these symptoms were never afterwards arrested, yet Horner continued the active employment of his mind, which remained unimpaired to the last day of his life. In accordance with the recommendation of his medical advisers he sought the more genial clime of Italy during the winter of 1816. From Pisa he wrote,—“I am planning what I shall read during the winter; my idea is, to go through some of the

best authors of the country, and to keep myself, if I can, from the temptations of their minor literature. I have not yet been to the booksellers' shops, but I ascertained there was a pretty good one at Leghorn. I am making a study of Dante, which is rather too big a word for any reading of mine now; but I do not find it a task, and he will make all other writers more easy to me." During the time that he was writing to his friends in England, he was fondly indulging in the hope of renovated health, and that his slow recovery would enable him to perfect a plan of study which he had headed "DESIGNS." These designs cover a field of vast expanse. Both the philosophy of jurisprudence, and the application of its principles to every important practical question which has in later days occupied the attention of the reformers of the law, hold conspicuous places in it. Catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, foreign intervention, slavery, political economy, language, grammar, and composition, were all to be studied. But these designs, 'alas! were not to be completed. Only a few days afterwards, in his thirty-ninth year, it was recorded that Francis Horner had departed this life! His remains were interred in the Protestant cemetery at Leghorn.

At home the news of his death produced a profound impression. The "Morning Chronicle," in commenting on the sad event, said: "Without the adventitious aids of station or fortune Horner had



acquired a weight and influence in Parliament which few men whose lives were passed in opposition have been able to obtain ; and for this consideration he was infinitely less indebted to his eloquence and talents, eminent as they were, than to the open opinion universally entertained, of his public and private rectitude. He was a warm, zealous, and affectionate friend ; high-minded and disinterested in his conduct ; firm and decided in his opinions ; modest and unassuming in his manners." The House of Commons did itself infinite honour in its mention of the services of its late member. Mr. Manners Sutton said on that occasion : " In my conscience I believe there never lived the man, of whom it could more truly be said that, wherever he was found in public life, he was respected and admired—wherever he was known in private life, he was most affectionately beloved." Sidney Smith also bore testimony to the worth of the departed : " Horner had an intense love of knowledge ; he wasted very little of the portion of life conceded to him, and was always improving himself, not in the most foolish of all schemes of education, in making long and short verses, and scanning Greek choruses, but in the masculine pursuits of the philosophy of legislation, of political economy, of the constitutional history of the country, and of the history and changes of ancient and modern Europe. He had read so much and so well, that he was a contemporary of all men, and a citizen of all states."

And now, dear reader, will you not be the better for reading this sketch of Horner's life? Will you not find yourself stronger, because brilliant talents are not requisite to the attainment of a brilliant reputation; full of earnest purpose when you remember his acquirements—the result of sustained perseverance; and seriously determined to live a life of usefulness, prompted by his integrity and the singleness of his unselfish aims?

## JOSEPH BROTHERTON :

### FACTORY BOY AND MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

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THE stranger in Manchester, in visiting places and objects of attraction, cannot fail to be interested in the very fine characteristic monument of Joseph Brotherton, that graces the entrance to Peel Park, in the adjoining borough of Salford. It was erected by the inhabitants to mark their respect and estimation of the services of their first Member of Parliament, who for four-and-twenty consecutive years, in the House of Commons, served them faithfully and well. It is alike honourable to Joseph Brotherton and to the electors of Salford that their long-tried and useful member rose to his proud position from one of much humbleness and obscurity.

Joseph Brotherton was born in the year 1783, in the little village of Whittington, Derbyshire. His father at that time performed the double office of exciseman and schoolmaster. The Board of Excise removed him to Manchester, when his son Joseph had attained his ninth year. The duties of his calling as an exciseman must have been much in-

creased in Manchester; but Mr. Brotherton's active mind still demanded additional employment. The cotton manufacture, which was then in its infancy, seemed to present the best field for embarking his small means, and for the exercise of his active life. In that direction he resolved to turn his attention. Of course, at that period in the history of Manchester, the cotton manufacture was very different to what it is now. Then it was mainly carried on in a very humble way, the looms being almost entirely worked by hand, a steam engine being looked upon as a novelty, there being, in fact, not more than two or three at work at that time in the whole of Manchester. Mr. Brotherton commenced in the business on a very limited scale. He soon became conscious, however, that if he succeeded, it would only be by industry. He was unwilling to give up the office of exciseman while the question of success was still in doubt. When Joseph came to the age to be of use in the little factory he was sent there with his brothers. It is very probable that he was subjected to longer hours and harder work than he would have been, had he not been the son of the owner of the mill. In after-years, when he stood up in the House of Commons during the discussion of the Ten Hours' Bill, he referred to this interesting period of his life, detailing simply, but most pathetically, the hardships and fatigues to which he had then been subjected; and his subsequent determination, that if it ever lay

in his power, he would use every exertion and compass every means to ameliorate the condition of those who might be like circumstanced. Sir James Graham, who followed Joseph on that occasion, declared, amid the cheers of the whole House, that he had not known that Mr. Brotherton had sprung from so humble an origin; but that it rendered him more proud than he had ever been before of the House of Commons, to think that a person rising from that condition should be able to sit side by side and on equal terms with the hereditary gentry of the land.

The success of the elder Brotherton induced him to give up the exciseman's office, and devote himself exclusively to his newer and more profitable calling. He entered into partnership with a Mr. Booth, when he was enabled to enter upon larger premises. In the meantime, Joseph had worked his way, from the humblest and most menial situation in the mill, to the honourable position of overlooker. Subsequently, as a reward for his exertions, he was admitted as a partner in the firm.

During all these years he had had few opportunities for mental cultivation. His time had been most unremittingly devoted to labour. The factory worker of these days, whose hours are limited by Act of Parliament, and whose labours are lightened by every mechanical contrivance, knows nothing of the severe toil and the protracted hours of the earliest workers in the cotton manufacture. But severe as

the labours of Joseph were, his mind was too active and his feelings too ardent not to make an effort to attain to some acquaintance with the mysteries of knowledge. He had received from his father the rudiments of an English education; and then, when his training was left in his own hands, every moment spared from the toils of the mill was devoted most faithfully to study. Books of a light or trifling character he despised. His tastes were all in the direction of physical science. His thoughts were directed, not to castle-building or day-dreams, which have so enervating an influence upon true life; but in dreams of benevolence, in works of goodness, in a life of use and service.

When he had attained a position of comparative ease, on the death of his father, when he took his place in the firm, he was then by no means disposed to enjoy quiet or leisure. His first thought was, "What work is there in which I can engage which will be of use to my neighbours?" On inquiry, he found that there were in Salford various public charities bequeathed for the use of the poor. In the course of years these had become diverted from their original use, and were appropriated for personal emolument. Mr. Brotherton's first task was thoroughly to investigate the subject, to track the windings of the corruption, and bring to light the delinquencies which had been practised, and thus bring about a complete reform. The struggle was

one protracted over years; but the end rewarded the exertion.

At that time Salford was a comparatively insignificant place; it was only then rising to that position which it has since attained. During its progress from a village, a mere dependance of Manchester, to its present position—an important parliamentary borough—numerous Acts of Parliament had to be obtained. In all the consequent negotiations Mr. Brotherton was invariably consulted, his advice being freely and cheerfully given.

Before his fortieth year he retired from business upon a small fortune. This is a special trait in his life. Had he continued in business he might, and would, have realised a princely estate. Many men, his inferiors in tact, in industry, and in foresight, have done so, but then that is *all* they have done. He wanted to be something more than a mere accumulator of money. He certainly did not retire from business to indulge in an ignoble sloth; he worked as hard, if not harder, than before: now, however, he worked for the public good, and not for personal aims or ends.

In 1832, after the passing of the Reform Bill, which conferred upon Salford the privilege of sending a member to Parliament, the inhabitants wisely selected their long-trying friend and adviser, Mr. Brotherton, to represent them in the House of Commons. The inhabitants acted wisely in connecting

themselves with a man of sterling integrity, a connection which continued uninterruptedly or twenty-four years, and was only severed by the hand of death.

On one occasion he referred in the House of Commons to his moderate means. Some honourable member had been charging him with rolling in riches, and therefore forgetting the workers who made the riches. In his reply, Mr. Brotherton said: "My riches consist, not in the extent of my possessions, but in the fewness of my wants;" a remark which has been most appropriately placed on the pedestal of his monument, and which contains so much true philosophy that it deserves to be written in letters of gold, and inscribed on every public building in the kingdom. In Parliament, Mr. Brotherton was known for his inflexible opposition to late hours and protracted sittings. The improvement which has taken place in the House of Commons in these respects is, no doubt, the result of his unwearied efforts.

His personal habits—and it is from these that the chief lesson of his life is to be derived—were of the most simple and primitive character. He might well have adopted the motto, "Waste not, want not." For forty-six years of his life he lived without partaking of animal food, or drinking any kind of intoxicating drinks! And, what will seem strange to some readers, Mr. Brotherton, instead of considering this a



deprivation, was always accustomed to speak of his habits as the source of much gratification and happiness. It is evident, from the amount of work he was enabled to perform, the close attention he paid to public business and to his parliamentary duties, that high living is not essential to fitness and capability. Universal, as well as individual, experience would prove the contrary. Those men that have been most remarkable for the amount of work performed have also been notable instances of abstinence and simple habits.

Fittingly, then, do we close these sketches with the example of the brave and self-denying life of Joseph Brotherton, of whom it might be said that no man during his time attained a higher position in public estimation, that was so universally trusted or so generally respected. And yet he was a comparatively poor man; he had no great family connections, or any brilliant talents. He had, however, some sterling qualities, that were worth more than all the gold in the mines of Golconda, or in the rivers of California: he was honest, he was industrious, he was abstemious,—qualities that made the man, that set him up above his fellows, that earned him his monument, and that have secured him the respect and admiration of ages yet to come; qualities that are imitable by every youth and young man with a spark of earnestness in his breast—that will, if adopted, lead on to a life of probity, usefulness, and public good.







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